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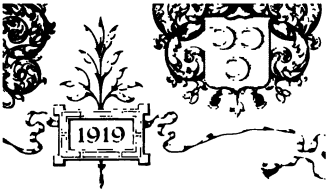

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Come take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see.

THE WORKS OF

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

COMPLETE

— in six volumes —

Vol. VI.

NEW YORK

Published by C. Smith

Folsom & Allen, Printers, No. 1 Thames-street.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

VOL. VI.

LOVES OF THE ANGELS, DUBLIN MAIL, &c.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY G. SMITH.

1825.

THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the Angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them.

The Book of Enoch, chap. vii. sect. 2.

[redacted]

PREFACE.

This Poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work, about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a Drama; and, as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the Scripture, I think it right to remark, that in point of fact, the subject is *not* scriptural—the notion upon *which it is founded* (that of the love of Angels

for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX. of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority for the fable rests.* The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than to establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational Fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out, (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the Soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasure—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine Justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

*See Note.

THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
  When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
  Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
  Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
  'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
  Than in these days of crime and wo,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In this mid-air, angelic eyes
  Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
  Ev'n then, that morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
  Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—

And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From Woman's love most sad of all!

One evening, in that time of bloom,
  On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
  Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
  To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
  Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,
  Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
  The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
  Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence,
Till, yielding gadual to the soft
  And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
  The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
  Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
  The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
  The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, ev'n in heaven, was not of those
  Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
  That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In the great centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths th' unheavenliest one—
A creature, to whom light remain'd
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,
And o'er whose brow not love alone
  A blight had, in his transit, sent,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
  And left their foot-prints as they went.

Sighing, as through the shady Past
  Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
  O'er buried hopes, he thus began:

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

'Twas in a land, that far away
  Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
  Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
  And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
  Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!
One of earth's fairest womankind
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear chrystal of a brook!
  Which, while it hid no single gleam,
Of her young beauties, made them look
  More spirit-like, as they might seem
  Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
  While playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
  She mov'd in light of her own making.
  At length, as slowly I descended
  To view more near a sight so splendid,

mble of my wings all o'er
through each plume I felt the thrill)
l her, as she reach'd the shore
at small lake—her mirror still—
whose brink she stood like snow
osy with a sunset glow.
hall I forget those eyes!—
ume, the innocent surprise
bright face when in the air
ing, she beheld me there.
'd as if each thought, and look,
motion were that minute chain'd
the spot, such root she took,
e a sunflower by a brook,
face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

to the wondering maid,
gh loth from such a vision turning,
ard I bent, beneath the shade
r spread wings to hide the burning
ces, which—I well could feel—
ne, for her, too warmly shone;
e I could again unseal
less eyes, or even steal
ide-long look, the maid was gone—
n me in the forest leaves,
en as when, in all her charms
blown light, some cloud receives
Moon into his dusky arms.
in words to tell the power,
potism that, from that hour,
held o'er me—day and night

I sought around each neighbouring spot
And in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and heaven, and all forgot—
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But, wanting *that*, far, far above!—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small
Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where LEA *was*—the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was n
But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings, that hung
Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
Unnam'd in heaven their fragments flung

'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmov'd
She stood, as lilies in the light
Of the hot noon but look more white ;—
And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,
'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow—
She lov'd me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,
To which her prayers at morn were sent,
And on whose light she gazed at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of the shadowy world below,
To that free, glorious element!

Well I rerember by her side,
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When,—turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
"The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
"Dwelling up there in purity,
"Alone, as all such bright things are;
"My sole employ to pray and shine,
"To light my censer at the sun,
"And fling its fire towards the shrine
"Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One!"

So innocent the maid—so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame:

Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips th' avowal burst;
Not angry—no—the feeling had
No touch of anger, but most sad—
It was a sorrow, calm and deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and frozen there—to think
That angel natures—even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
  Of such pure glory into sin—
The sin, of all, most sure to blight,
The sin, of all, that the soul's light
  Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in!
That, though but frail and human, she
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
Try with her wing sublimer air,
While I, a creature born up there,
Should meet her, in my fall from light,
From heaven and peace, and turn her flig
Downward again, with me to drink
Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!

That very night—my heart had grown
  Impatient of its inward burning;
The term too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers* near the thron
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,

* See Note.

Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning;—
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven
It is their hour or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heaven began to play—
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me,
Beyond home—glory—every thing?
How fly, while yet there was a chance,
A hope—aye, even of perishing
Utterly by that fatal glance!
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, mov'd, breath'd about—
Wo, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all heaven's proudest joys without!

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
came, crowding thick as flowers that play
n summer winds, the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.

And she was there, and 'mid the young
  And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
  The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first, that ever shame or wo
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd—in the flush
  Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
  Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness—
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
  Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
  But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
  Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
  To my lost soul into eclipse,
And filling it with such wild dreams,
  Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,

Haunt us forever—like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest—our banquet done,
I sought her in th' accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
I found her—oh, so beautiful!
Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?
Or why are there not flowers to cull,
As fair as Woman, in yon skies?
Still did her brow, as usual, turn
To her lov'd star, which seem'd to burn
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which would have—had my brain not been
Thus poison'd, madden'd—held me bound,
As though I stood on God's own ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And tho' too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd
How far, alas, from aught divine,

Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
  Was the wild love with which I lov'd,
Yet must she, too have seen—oh yes,
  'Tis nothing but to *think* she saw—
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
  The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then plac'd above him—far above—
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
  When—with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
  Her melancholy power—I said,
"Then be it so—if back to heaven
  "I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,
"Without one blest memorial given
  "To sooth me in that lonely sky—
  "One look, like those the young and fond
  "Give when they're parting—which would be,
  "Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
  "All Heaven hath left of bliss for me!

"Oh, but to see that head recline
  "A minute on this trembling arm,
"And those mild eyes look up to mine
  "Without a dread, a thought of harm!
  To meet but once the thrilling touch
  "Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
"Or, if that boon be all too much,
  "Even thus to bring their fragrance near me!

"Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
"Give them but kindly and I fly;
"Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
"And tremble for their home on high.
"Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
"One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
"And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
"The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I nam'd—alas, too well,
I now recal, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
"The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
"And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—
Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant *lifted* to the skies,

And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
  With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
  A vapour from this vale of tears,
  Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
  That sparkle round th' Eternal Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
  Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
  Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
  The third of the bright stars away—*
Rise, in earth's beauty to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
  Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night,—
Oh, ev'n for heaven too much delight!—
  Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
  And soul to soul in Paradise?

* See Note.

I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
  I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more,
  There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
  Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour;
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
  So wills th' offended God—for ever!
  It was to yonder star I trac'd
Her journey up the illumin'd waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
  In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be
  Her home of light for evermore!

Once—or did I but fancy so?
  Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
  On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point, as small
  As are those specks that yonder burn—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
  The last from day's exhausted urn.

And when at length she merg'd, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
  Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
  Of heaven and love both pass'd away
And I forgot my home, my birth,
  Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
  Till I became—what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
  A shame, that of itself would tell—
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flam
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
  How grand the height from which he fe
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
  What clear renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
  To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One moment did he look, and then—
  As though he felt some deadly pain
  From its sweet light through heart
    brain—
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

WHO was the Second Spirit?—he
  With the proud front and piercing glance—
  Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse—
As though his far sent eye could see
On, on into the Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where God's sublimest secrets lie?—
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
  Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
  Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew—
A breathing forth of beams at will,
Of living beams, which, though no more
They kept their early lustre, still
  Were such, when glittering out all o'er,
  As mortal eye-lids wink'd before.

'Twas RUBI—once among the prime
  And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd
Spirits of Knowledge,* who o'er Time
  And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night—
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
  And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
  The vague shores of Infinity!

* The Cherubim.—See Note.

'Twas RUBI, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of day gone by
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes, in some silent place,
When first awak'd for many a year;
  And when he smil'd—if o'er his face
  Smile ever shone—'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny light, the glory gone.
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
  The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
  Seen through some noble pile on fire!
Such was the Angel, who now broke
  The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
  Clos'd the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
  For many a day, relum'd his cheek,
And not those sky-tun'd lips alone
But his eyes, brow, and tresses, roll'd
  Like sunset waves, all seem'd to speak—
Thus his eventful story told:—

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

"You both remember well the day
  When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,
He, whom all living things obey,
  Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
  Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he would set
  His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
  That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
  First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
  The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
  And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
  O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
  Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea—the skies—
  And heard the rush of many a wing,
  By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?

From that miraculous hour, the fate
  Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a speed-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
  What'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That splended creature mix'd with all—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
  Through ages yet to come—whate'er
  Of feminine, and food, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
  All wak'd my soul's intensest care;

Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
God's most disturbing mystery!

It was my doom—ev'n from the first,
  When summon'd with my cherub peers,
To witness the young vernal burst
  Of nature through those blooming spheres,
Those flowers of light, that sprung beneath
  The first touch of th' Eternal's breath—
It was my doom still to be haunted
  By some new wonder, some sublime
  And matchless work, that, for the time
Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word but on that lovely theme!

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
  Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,
And which becomes or blest or curst,
  As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd.
Still urg'd me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That wak'd each new idolatry—
  Their cause, aim, source from whence they sprung,
Their inmost powers, as though for me
  Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
  When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
  Of light, for gods to journey by!

They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
  Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still liv'd bless'd with such;
  Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
  The knowledge that brings guilt and wo.

Often—so much I lov'd to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their tract through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
  What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
  That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chace
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
  Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet on his way

To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn
Ere this still newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately rang'd
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd,
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their fair thrones; in vain these ears
To the once thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres,
To earth, to earth, each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies

Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense—
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*.
Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
Th' insatiate curiosity
To know what shapes, so fair must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to those bright eyes—
Whether, as sunbeams, find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
To make the soul as bright as they!
All this impell'd my anxious chance,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
Th' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which God made solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
  So exquisite—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
  In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with (what I durst not blame,
  For 'tis my own) that wish to *know*,
  Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of wo;
Which, though from heaven all pure it cam
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame
  On her, on me, on all below!
I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd
  As his soul is with strength and sens e—
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
  His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smil'd away!
Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—
Though by her councils taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And *with* her—*that*, at last, was bliss)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
  The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile be lost—
  So quickly was the wrong forgiven—
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!*

* Chavah, the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression, means "Life." *See Note.*

Yes—such the love-taught name—the first,
  That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his out-cast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
  And earliest boon of love—the grave!
She who brought death into the world,
  There stood before him with the light
  Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
  The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
  Life, endless Life, while she was near!

Could I help wondering at a creature,
  Enchanted round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word, featu
  In joy and wo, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?
Nor did the marvel cease with her—
  New Eves in all her daughters came.
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
  As sure of man through praise and blam
  Whate'er they brought him, pride or sha
Their still unreasoning worshipper—
  And, whereso'er they smil'd, the same
  Enchantresses of soul and frame,

Into whose hands, from first to last,
  This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
  To save or damn it, as they please!

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
  How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that shining throng,
  Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
  In my own arms beheld, possest,
I might learn all the powers to which,
  To warm, and (if my fate unblest
  Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
  I might descend as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart and thence
  Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer,—
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
  But whether heard in heaven or hell,
  Listen—and you will know *too* well.
There was a maid, of all who move
  Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
  Herself so bright, so exquisite!

The pride, too, of her step, as light
  Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
  To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
  A star at every step should meet.
  'Twas not alone that loveliness
  By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
  Of lips, whose very breath could bless—
  Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
  But luminous escapes of thought—
Of eyes that when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
  Of tendernes, all soft became
As though they could like the sun's bird,
  Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
  Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
  That drop from it in summer's hour—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
  That falls to loveliest woman's share,
  Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
  Enough to make all others fair—
But 'twas the Mind, sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul broug
To light each charm, yet independent
  Of what it lighted as the sun,
That shines on flowers, would be resplende
  Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combin'd,
  Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that forn

The glory of young woman-kind,
  Taken in their first fusion, warm,
  Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
  As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,
  The impress of divinity!
'Twas this—a union, which the hand
  Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
  In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,
My bright twin sister of the sky—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
  The mix'd delights of either sphere
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here!
Had we—but hold—hear every part
  Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
  Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step so full of bliss,
  And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
  Where perish'd both—the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
  And mid her loneliest musings near,
I *soon could track* each thought that lay,

Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowin
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing
Light winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping—
'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspiring high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given,
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath a tempter's art!—
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrin'd itself in form so fair
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save only *one*, rather than leave
That one unknown, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When Reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds—

'Twas then, by that soft light, I brough
Vague, glimmering visions to her vie
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas, with a void seen through—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace-
All that in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream *still* in her sight,
Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight.
Who said 'Behoid yon world of light,'
Then sudden dropt a veil between!
At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me,
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
To madden curiosity—
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—'twas in a holy spot,
Which she for pray'r had chos'n—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face-

re, at her altar while she knelt,
d all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claim'd
sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth
skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones and eye
Thus, by the tender light, which lay
Dissolving round, as if its ray
Was breath'd from her, I heard her say

"Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
"Thy nature be—human, divine,
"Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,
"Too heavenly to be ever mine!

"Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
"Slumber so lovely, that it seems
"No longer life to live awake,
"Since heaven itself descends in drea

"Why do I ever lose thee? why—
"When on thy realms and thee I gaz
"Still drops that veil, which I could die,
"Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

"Long ere such miracles as thou
"And thine came o'er my thoughts, a
"For light was in this soul, which now
"Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.

"There's nothing bright above, below,
"In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
"Doth not intensely burn to know,
"And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

"Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
"The curtains of thy radiant home,
"Whether thou would'st as God be shrin'd
"Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come!

"Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
"That I may waking know and see—
"Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
"Thy heaven or—aye, even *that* with thee!

"Demon or God, who hold'st the book
"Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
"Give me, with thee, but one bright look
"Into its leaves, and let me die!

"By those ethereal wings whose way
"Lies through an element, so fraught
"With floating Mind, that, as they play,
"Their every movement is a thought!

"By that most precious hair, between
"Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
"Of Paradise so late hath been,
"And left its fragrant soul behind!

"By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
"Their light into the inmost heart,
"Like sunset in the waters, felt
"*As molten fire* though every part,—

"I do implore thee, oh most bright
"And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
"My waking, wondering eyes this night,
"This one blest night—I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—
Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she rais'd,
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blaz'd
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but sofen'd down
Into more mortal grace—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd rather than mar,
The dawning hour of some young star—
And nothing left, but what beseem'd
Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
Back upon her's as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love—oh more

Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
  Of heav'n itself could now restore !

And yet that hour !"——

The Spirit here
  Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
  Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong—
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there now !
But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days,
That relic of a flame, whose burning
  Had been too fierce to be relum'd,
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
  To his bright listeners, thus resum'd :—

"Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most
  On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
Yet—was I happy ? God, thou know'st,
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
  What happiness is their's, who fall !
'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came like gleams of hell
  In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
  In purgatory catch of heaven !
The only feeling that to me

Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest
From aching misery, was to see
My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest—
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Pervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first!
To see *her* happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade,
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.

And proud she was, bright creature!—proud,
Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of her's
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and heaven;
Not only what God loves to show,
But all that He hath seal'd below
In darkness, for man *not* to know—
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought

As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
  Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
Wherever sleeping Mystery
  Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
  "Bright creature, this is all thy own!"
Then first were diamonds caught—like eyes
Shining in darkness—by surprise,
And made to light the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
  Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
(As 'twere a spirit, forc'd to dwell
  In form unlovely) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too—
For never did this maid—whate'er
  Th' ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair,
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.

Nor was there aught within the range
  Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
  I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
  At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, "nay, look not there, my love,
  Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
  Through Nature's realm—th' unveil'd, m
  terial,
Visible glories, that hang round,
Like lights, through her enchanted ground
  But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
  From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis shed,
  Through men or angels, flowers or suns-
The workings of th' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
  That spread of darkness—like the bow
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
  Saw the grand, gradual picture grow!—
The covenant with human kind
  Which God hath made—the chains of Fa
He round himself and them hath twin'd,
  Till his high task he consummate—
Till good from evil, love from hate,

Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall lose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
  And some, perhaps, ev'n more profound,
More wildering to the mind than these,
  Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,
  And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
  Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—
Th' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
  Inspir'd, among her own dark race,
Who from their altars, in the sun
Left standing half adorn'd, would run
  To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet mid that play of error's smoke
  Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
  But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
  Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,
  Stole out in these revealments then—

Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One!*
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
  Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright
  Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
  Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd, as is the sun on high,
  The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, land, and air,
Whose influence, felt every where,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Ev'n to the world's extremest part—
While through that world her reinless mind
  Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,
  Already saw heaven's gates a-jar!
Happy enthusiast! still, oh still,
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
  Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
  And sees both comfortless, both black—

* It is the opinion of some of the Fathers, that the knowledge which the Heathens possessed of the Providence of God, a Future State, and other *sublime* doctrines of Christianity, was derived from *the premature* revelations of these fallen angels to *the women of* earth.—See Note.

Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
  Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,
While down its steep most headlong driven,—
Well knew could never be forgiven,
  Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe,—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know every thing, and, worst of all,
Know and love virtue while they fall!—
Ev'n then, her presence had the power
  To soothe, to warm,—nay, ev'n to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower
  On stem so full of bitterness—
Ev'n then her glorious smile to me
  Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
  Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
  Which all who love, beneath the sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
  The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lover's heads!

That heaven to me the final seal
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
The death-pang, without power to di
Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever twisted the sweet bond
Twixt heart and heart—could charm a
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
There seem'd a freshness in her breath
Beyond the reach, the power of death;
And then, her voice—oh, who could do
That 'twould for ever thus breathe out
A music, like the harmony
Of the tun'd orbs, too sweet to die!
While in her lip's awakening touch
There thrill'd a life ambrosial—such
As mantles in the fruit steep'd through
With Eden's most delicious dew—
Till I could almost think, though know

And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin—
Shadow of death, whose withering frown
  Kills whatsoe'er it lights upon—
  Too deep for ev'n *her* soul to shun
The desolation it brings down!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dream'd away;
In that same garden, where, beneath
The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,
And furling up those wings, whose light
For mortal gaze were else too bright,
I first had stood before her sight;
And found myself—oh, ecstacy,
Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
  And lov'd as never man was yet!
In that same garden we were now,
  Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
  With its own silent fancies shining.
It was an evening bright and still
  As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
  Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light—ev'n she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
  Felt the mute hour's solemnity,

And thought she saw, in that repose,
  The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
  Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last, grand sun-set, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as if some thought, awaking
Suddenly, sprung within her breast—
Like a young bird, when day-light breaking
  Startles him from his dreamy nest—
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
  Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
  As if to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smil'd and said:—

"I had, last night, a dream of thee,
  "Resembling those divine ones, given,
"Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
  "Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heav'n.

"The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
  "Dazzling as if of star-light made;
"And these wings, lying darkly now,
  "Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

"All bright as in those happy dreams
  "Thou stood'st a creature to adore
"No less than love, breathing out beams,
  "As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!

"Sudden I felt thee draw me near
"To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,
"I seem'd within the atmosphere
"Of that exhaling light embrac'd;

"And, as thou held'st me there, the flame
"Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,
"Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
"Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

"Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,
"If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
"When will my Cherub shine before me
"Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

"When shall I, waking, be allow'd
"To gaze upon those perfect charms,
"And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
"A chill of earth, within my arms?

"Oh what a pride to say—this, this
"Is my own Angel—all divine,
"And pure, and dazzling as he is,
"And fresh from heaven, he's mine, he's mine!

"Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
"A creature of yon lofty skies,
"She would have hid one single grace,
"One glory from her lover's eyes?

"No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
"Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
"Of thy most proud divinity,
"Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

"Too long have I look'd doating on
"Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
"Too near the stars themselves have gone,
"To fear aught grand or luminous.

"Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
"But that this dream may yet come true,
"And my blest spirit drink thy ray
"Till it becomes all heavenly too?

"Let me this once but feel the flame
"Of those spread wings, the very pride
"Will change my nature, and this frame
"By the mere touch be deified!"

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd
To be by man or God refus'd—
As one, who felt her influence o'er
All creatures, whatso'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her!

Little did she, alas, or I—
Ev'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerg'd in sin's obscurity,
Was as the planet where we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—

Little did we foresee the fate,
  The dreadful—how can it be told?
Oh God! such anguish to relate
  Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charg'd as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break!

Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
  Pass'd for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
  To one, or both—something unblest
  To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled;
  Nor saw I ought that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
  Of that first dazzle, that unhid
  And bursting glory on a lid
Untried in heaven—and ev'n this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudliest spread,
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
  And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
  Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning slept
And in his lair, ready to spring,
Yet wak'd him not—though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!

Oft too when round me from above
  The feather'd snow (which, for its whiteness
In my pure days I used to love)
Fell like the moultings of heaven's Dove,—
  So harmless, through so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had fallen there!

Nay ev'n with LILIS—had I not
  Around her sleep in splendour come—
Hung o'er each beauty, nor forgot
  To print my radiant lips on some?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
  Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
  Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?
Ev'n when the rays I scatter'd stole
Intensest to her dreaming soul,
No thrill disturb'd th' insensate frame—
So subtle, so refin'd that flame—
Which, rapidly as lightnings melt
  The blade within th. unharm'd sheath,
Can, by the outward form unfelt,
Reach and dissolve the soul beneath!

Thus having (as, alas, deceiv'd
By my sin's blindness, I believ'd)
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
  There fix'd upon me, eagerly
As if th' unlocking of the skies

Then waited but a sign from me—
How was I to refuse? how say
One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
I brought from heaven belong'd to her!
Slow from her side, I rose, while she
Stood up, too mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope desire,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden then when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
I left—see where those clouds afar
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fall'n angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting—but th' illumin'd brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun—the eyes that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown
Ev'n to themselves—the unfolded wings
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, *proud* that in her eyes I shone

Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though to a sight so splendid
Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great God! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
When—oh most horible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers? I saw her lie
Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond
As when then first were round me cast.
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last—

That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save
But one of whose long, glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths!—
All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—
And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas madd'ning, 'twas—but hear even worse,
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here when her young bloom
Lay in the dust, and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
Avenging Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering!—I feel it now—
'Twas fire—but fire, evn more unblest

Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
  Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,
  And here, see here, the mark, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which even the wreathed pride
Of these bright curls, still forc'd aside
By its foul contact, cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—
  Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, but for one proud, fond offence,
  Had honour'd heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,
Merciful God! it *is* not so—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look—that look, so fraught
  With more than anguish, with despair—
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
  In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—
Oh,—for the first time that these knees
Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
  Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me.
  On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
  The burning phial keeps for her!

See, too, where low beside me kneel
  Two other out-casts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
  And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings down on the best,
The wisest and the loveliest.—
Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such
  Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So loth they wander, and so much
  Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heav'n!
Again, I cry, Just God, transfer
  That creature's sufferings all to me—
  Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
  Let mine last all eternity!"

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down
  His throbbing head; while they, who felt
That agony as 'twere their own,
  Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air
Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heav'n must soar,
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
  And glorious universe of his,

This world of beauty, goodness, light
  And endless love proclaims He *is!*
Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy—with fond tone,
Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood—
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
  That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean shell,
  (So kin its spirit to the lute's)
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
  And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
  Unfledg'd and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
  The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
  Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, ev'n yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not quit him—as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
  Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
  The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,

Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke,
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers while thus it spoke:—
"Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
"My angel-lord, come pray with me;
"In vain to night my lip hath strove
"To send one holy prayer above—
"The knee may bend, the lip may move,
"But pray I cannot, without thee!

"I've fed the altar in my bower
"With droppings from the incense tree;
"I've shelter'd it from wind and showers,
"But dim it burns the livelong hour,
"As if, like me, it had no power
"Of life or lustre, without thee!

"A boat at midnight sent alone
"To drift upon the moonless sea,
"A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
"A wounded bird, that hath but one
"Imperfect wing to soar upon,
"Are like what I am, without thee!

"Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
"In life or death, thyself from me;
"But when again, in sunny pride,
"Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
"A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
"Oh happier thus than without thee!

The song had ceas'd, when from the woo
  Where, curving down that airy height
It reach'd the spot on which they stood—
  There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd
Across the brow of one, who rais'd
The flame aloft, (as if to throw
Its light upon that group below)
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
  That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
  Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought
O'er all her features at the thought
  Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
  Had scarcely for an instant shone
  Thro' the dark leaves when she was gon
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
"Look, look, how beautiful!"—'tis fled.
Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
  "I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home—
Of habit that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow *one*—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear!

A music, breathing of the past,
  The present and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!
Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
  What they—alas, more fall'n than he
From happiness and heaven—knew well,
  His gentler love's short history!
  Thus did it run—*not* as he told
    The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd
  Upon the tablets that, of old,
    By CHAM were from the deluge sav'd,
  All written over with sublime
  And saddening legends of the' unblest,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
  And this young Angel's 'mong the rest:

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
That round th' Almighty Throne abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side,
(Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound)
Till the far circling radiance be
Diffus'd into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne,
As if peculiarly God's own,
The Seraphs* stand—this burning sign
Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all—so much doth Love
Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!
'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.

* The *Seraphim* are the Spirits of Divine Love.
—*See Note.*

Love was to his impassion'd soul
  Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
  The very life-breath of his heart!

Often, when from th' Almighty brow
  A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow
  Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
  To look upon th' effulgence there—
This spirit's eyes would court the blaze,
  (Such pride he in adorning took,)
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
  The power of looking, than *not* look!
Then too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
  The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
  First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone,
  Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
  Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song
Alas, that it should e'er have been
The same in heaven as it is here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
  But it hath pain and peril near—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
  That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
  Of the heart's balance into ill—

Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
  So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
  Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
  The charm, that slop'd his fall along
From good to ill, from loving much,
  Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Ev'n so that am'rous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
  Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
  In passion for the creature ended!

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
  The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
  There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
  Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
  Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smil'd,
  Ready, with her white hand, to guide

His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
  The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
  The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
  Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
  Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the day-light's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave
An echo, that some spirit gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
  Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
  Lay down the far-brought gift, and die
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
  As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
  She rais'd, like one beatified,

Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
  To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
  But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

***

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
  A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
  How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
  When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
  Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
  They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
  That moment's witcheries?—one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
  Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
  That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it—far too well—
  With warmth, that much too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul *in that* sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly wo
  And pure, as ought of earth could b
For then first did the glorious sun
  Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die—
Then first did woman's virgin brow
  That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which when it dies, no second vow
  Can bid a new one bloom out there-
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
  And worthy from such hands to com
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall'n or exil'd from above,
  In this dark world can find a home.
And, though the Spirit had transgress'd
Had, from his station 'mong the blest,
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
  Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
  God's image, there so bright before-
Yet never did that God look down
  On error with a brow so mild;
Never did justice launch a frown,
  That, ere it fell, so nearly smil'd.
For gentle was their love, with awe
  And trembling like a treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law,
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
  And o'er whose preciousness they wo
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues sho

the hearts of both—but most
AMA's heart, by whom alone
charms, for which a heaven was lost.
'd all unvalued and unknown;
hen her Seraph's eyes she caught,
hid hers glowing on his breast,
liss was humbled by the thought—
hat claim have I to be so blest?"

ss could maid, so meek, have nurs'd
of knowledge—that vain thirst,
which the sex hath all been curs'd,
uckless EVE to her, who near
abernacle stole to hear
crets of the angels—no—
ove as her own seraph lov'd,
Faith, the same through bliss and woe,
h, that, were ev'n its light remov'd,
like the dial fix'd remain,
ait till it shone out again—
Patience that, though often bow'd
he rude storm, can rise anew,
Hope that ev'n from Evil's cloud,
sunny Good half breaking through!
eep, relying Love, worth more
ven than all the cherub's lore—
'aith, more sure than aught beside,
he sole joy, ambition, pride
fond heart—the unreasoning scope
ll its views, above, below—
o she felt it that to *hope*,
rust, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
  So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
  Full on their brows they knelt to pray
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last—
Two fallen Splendours, from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally,*
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment (as wrong,
  However sweet, must bear its brand)
Their only doom was this—that, long
  As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame-
Still looking to that goal sublime,
  Whose light remote, but sure they see,
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
  Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife,
True love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;

* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendou
the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of wi
God is the crown or summit.—See Note.

: chill, that turns his warmest sighs
earthly vapour, ere they rise;
oubt he feeds on, and the pain
it in his very sweetness lies.
worse, the illusions that betray
footsteps to their shining brink;
tempt him, on his desert way
ough the bleak world, to bend and
drink,
e nothing meets his lips, alas,
e again must sighing pass
that far-off home of peace,
ich alone his thirst will cease.

is they bear, but, not the less,
moments rich in happiness—
meetings, after many a day
lowhood past far away,
the lov'd face again is seen
, close, with not a tear between—
lings frank, without control,
l mutually from soul to soul;
e from any fear or doubt
s that light from chill or stain,
in into the stars sheds out,
be by them shed back again!
happy minglement of hearts,
ere, chang'd as chymic compounds
are,
with its own existence parts,
id a *new* one, happier far!

In Him, from whom all
And shaking off earth's soi
From their emancipated
Wander for ever through
Of radiance, where Love i

In what lone region of the
These Pilgrims now ma
God and the Angels, who
To watch their steps, al
But should we, in our wan
Meet a young pair, whos
But the adornment of brig
To look like heaven's in
Who shine where'er they
Are humble in their eart
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and
For its sweet breath wou

se piety is love, whose love,
ough close as 'twere their souls embrace,
it of earth, but from above—
ke two fair mirrors, face to face,
se light, from one to th' other thrown,
aven's reflection, not their own—
ld we e'er meet with aught so pure,
erfect here, we may be sure,
ere is but *one* such pair below,
as we bless them on their way
ugh the world's wilderness, may say,
ere ZARAPH and his NAMA go."

NOTES.

NOTES.

PREFACE, p. viii.

An erroneous translation by the LXX *of that verse in the sixth Chapter of Genesis, &c* The error of these interpreters (and, it is said, of the old Italic version also,) was in making it οἱ Ἄγγελοι τοῦ Θεοῦ, "the *Angels* of God," instead of "the *Sons*"—a mistake, which, assisted by the allegorizing comments of Philó, and the rhapsodical fictions of the book of Enoch,* was more than sufficient to affect the imaginations of such half-Pagan writers as Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, and Lactantius, who, chiefly, among the Fathers, have indulged themselves in fanciful reveries upon the subject. The

* It is lamentable to think that this absurd production, of which we now know the whole from Dr Laurence's translation, should ever have been considered as an inspired or authentic work.— See the Preliminary Dissertation prefixed to the Translation.

opinion has been followed by s
gians, down from St. Thomas
Lightfoot,‡) the term "Sons of
understood to mean the descenda
Enos—a family peculiarly favour

* One of the arguments of Chry
Angels are no where else, in the C
called "Sons of God;" but his comm
faucon, shows that he is mistaken
book of Job they are so designated,
in the original Hebrew and the Vulg
in the Septuagint, which alone, he sa
read.

† Lib. ii. Glaphyrorum.—Philæst
meration of heresies, classes this st
gels among the number, and says it d
be ranked with those fictions about
desses, to which the fancy of the Pa
birth :—"Sicuti et Paganorum et Po
cia adserunt deos deasque transfor
conjugia commisisse."—De Heres.
p. 101.

se with them, men first began "to call the name of the Lord"—while, by "the ters of men," they suppose that the corrupt of Cain is designated. The probability, ver, is that the words in question ought ve been translated "the sons of the nobles at men," as we find them interpreted in argum of Onkelos (the most ancient and ate of all the Chaldaic paraphrases,) and, ppears from Cyril, the version of Symma- also rendered them This translation of assage removes all difficulty, and at once es the Sacred History of an extravagance, ı, however it may suit the imagination of oet, is inconsistent with all our notions, philosophical and religious.

Page 10.

ransmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

nysius (De Cœlest. Hierarch.) is of opin- hat when Isaiah represents the Seraphim ing out "one unto the other," his inten- s to describe those communications of the e thought and will, which are continually g from the higher orders of the angels to wer; οἷα καὶ αὐτοὺς τοὺς θεοτάτους Σεραφὶμ εἰ θεο- ρασιν ἑτέρου πρὸς τὸν ἕτερον κεκραγέναι, σαφῶς εν αθανερ οιμαι, δηλοῦντες, ὅτι τῶν θεολογικῶν γνωσεῶν τοῖς τοῖς δευτέροις μεταδιδόασι.—See also, in the phrase of Pachymer upon Dionysius, cap.

Page 12.

One of earth's fairest woman-kin
Half-veil'd rom view, or rather
In the clear crystal of a brook

This is given upon the authority, c
cording to the fancy of some of t
who suppose that the women of ear
seen by the angels in this situatic
Basil has even made it the serious f
rather a rigorous rule for the toilett
disciples; adding, ἱκανὸν γὰρ ἐστι παρα
λοι καὶ οἷαι θεὰ πρὸς ἡδονὴν γοητεύσαι, κ
διατοῦτον ἀποθνησκοντας θνητὰς ἀποδεῖξ
Virginitat tom i. p. 747 Edit. Pari

Page 15.

The Spirit of non beauteous

the book of Job, "When the morning stars sang together." Upon which Kircher remark's, "Non de materialibus intelligitur." Itin 1. Isagog. Astronom See also Caryl's most wordy commentary on the same text.

Page. 16.

And the bright Watchers near the throne.

"The Watchers, the offspring of heaven"—Book of Enoch. In Daniel, also, the angels are called watchers:—"And behold a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven." iv. 13.

Page 18.

Then too, that juice of earth, &c. &c.

For all that relates to the nature and attributes of angels, the time of their creation, the extent of their knowledge, and the power which they possess, or can occasionally assume, of performing such human functions as eating, drinking, &c. &c. I shall refer those who are inquisitive upon the subject to the following works:—The Treatise upon the Celestial Hierarchy, written under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, in which among much that is heavy and trifling, there are some sublime notions con-

cerning the agency of these spiritual creature —the Questions "de cognitione angelorum" c St. Thomas, where he examines most prolixl into such puzzling points as "whether angels ill minate each other," "whether they speak t each other," &c. &c. The Thesaurus of Coc ceius, containing extracts from almost ever theologian that has written on the subject—th 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters, sixth book, o "L'Histoire des Juifs," where all the extraordi nary reveries of the Rabbins* about angels an demons are enumerated—the Questions attr buted to St. Athanasius—the Treatise of Bona venture upon the Wings of the Seraphim—† an

* The following may serve as specimens:—"Le Anges ne scavent point la langue Chaldaique; c'e pourquoi ils ne portent point à Dieu les oraisons d ceux qui prient dans cette langue. Ils se tromper souvent; ils ont des erreurs dangereuses: ca l'Ange de la mort, qui est chargé de faire mourir u homme, en prend quelquefois un autre, ce qui caus de grands desordres. . . . . Ils son chargés de chanter devant Dieu le Cantique, *Sain Saint est le Dieu des armées;* mais ils ne replisser cet office qu'une fois le jour, dans une semaine, dan un mois, dans un an, dans un siecle, ou dan l'éternité. L'Ange qui luttoit contre Jacob, le press de le laisser aller, lorsque l'Aurore parut, parce qu c'étoit son tour de chanter le Cantique ce jour la c qu'il n'avoit encore jamais fait."

† This work (which, notwithstanding its title, i probably, quite as dull as the rest,) I have not, my self, been able to see, having searched for it in vai through the King's Library at Paris, though assiste by the zeal and kindness of M. Langlés and M Vonpradt, whose liberal administration of that mos liberal establishment, entitles them—not only fo

hastly, the ponderous folio of Saurez "de Angelis," where the reader will find all that has ever been fancied or reasoned, upon a subject which only such writers could have contrived to render so dull.

Page 18.

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd, &c.

Some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the Eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as it is given by Mariti, who says, that the author of the Taalim found upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. The Bahardanush tells the story differently.

Page 18.

Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?

Tertullian imagines that the words of St. Paul, "Woman ought to have a veil on her head,* *on account of the angels,*" have an evident reference to the fatal effects which the beauty of women

the immediate effect of such conduct, but for the useful and civilizing example it holds forth—to the most cordial gratitude of the whole literary world.

* 1. Cor. xi. 10. Dr. Macknight's Translation.

once produced upon these spiritual being
See the strange passage of this Father, (de Vi
gin. Velandis,) beginning " Si enim propter a
gelos, &c." where his editor Pemelius endea
ours to save his morality at the expense of l
Latinity, by substituting the word " excussat f
" excusat." Such instances of indecoru
however, are but too common throughout t
Fathers, in proof of which I need only refer
some passages in the same writer's treatis
" De Anima," to the Second and Third Boo
of the Pædagogus of Clemens Alexandrin
and to the instances which La Mothe le Vay
has adduced from Chryrostom in his Hexamer
Rustique, Journée Seconde.

Page 22.

When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away.

" And his tail drew the third part of the st
of heaven, and did cast them to the eart
Revelat xii. 4.—" Docent sancti (says Suare
supremum angelum traxisse secum tertiam p
tem stellarum." Lib. 7. cap. 7.

Page 22.

Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

The idea of the Fathers was, that the vacancies occasioned in the different orders of angels by the fall, were to be filled up from the human race There is, however, another opinion, backed by papal authority, that it was only the tenth order of the Celestial Hierarchy that fell; and that, therefore, the promotions which occasionally take place from earth are intended for the completion of that grade alone; or as it is explained by Salonius (Dial. in Eccl.)—"Decem sunt ordines angelorum, sed unus cecidit superbiam, et idcirco boni angeli semper laborant, ut de hominibus numerus ad impleatur, et proveniat ad perfectum numerum, id est, denarium" According to some theologians, virgins alone are admitted "ad collegium angelorum;" but the author* of the "Speculum Peregrinarum Quæstionum" rather questions this exclusive privilege:—"Hoc non videtur verum, quia multi, non virgines, ut Petrus et Magdalena, multis etiam virginibus eminentiores sunt." Decad. 2. cap. 10.

* F. Bartholomæus Sibylla.

I might have chosen perha
name, but it is meant (like th
the following story) to defin
class of spirits to which the
The author of the book of E
mates at two hundred the numl
descended upon Mount Herm
pose of making love to the wor
favoured us with the names of
chiefs; Samyaza, Urakabarame
miel, &c &c.

In that heretical worship o
prevailed, to a great degree, dur
of Christianity, to *name* them
been one of the most import
for we find it expressly forbidd
Canons, (35th of the Counc
ονομαζειν τας αγγελας Josephus
among the religious rites of th

Page 25.

—Those bright creatures, nam'd
Spirits of Knowledge

The word cherub signifies knowledge—[illegible], says Dionysius. Hence it is that Ezekiel, to express the abundance of their knowledge, represents them as "full of eyes."

Page 27.

Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness, &c.

St. Augustin, upon Genesis, seems rather inclined to admit that the angels had some share ("aliquod ministerium") in the creation of Adam and Eve.

Page 32.

I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise.

Whether Eve was created *in* Paradise or not, is a *question that has* been productive of much

doubt and controversy among the theologians — With respect to Adam, it is agreed on all sides that *he* was created *outside;* and it is accordingly asked, with some warmth, by one of the commentators, "why should woman, the ignobler creature of the two, be created *within?*"* Others, on the contrary, consider this distinction as but a fair tribute to the superior beauty and purity of women, and some, in their zeal, even seem to think that, if the scene of her creation was not already Paradise, it became so, immediately upon that event, in compliment to her Josephus is one of those, who think that Eve was formed outside; Tertullian, too, among the Fathers—and, among the Theologians, Repertus, who, to do him justice, never misses an opportunity of putting on record his ill-will to the sex Pererius, however, (and his opinion seems to be considered the most orthodox) thinks it much more consistent with the order of the Mosaic narration, as well as with the sentiments of Basil and other Fathers, to conclude that Eve was created *in* Paradise.

Page 33.

Her error, too.

The comparative extent of Eve's delinquency, [illegible] proportion which it bears to that of [illegible] another point which has exercised the

* [illegible] denique Evam, quæ Adamo ignoblior [illegible]*it intra* Paradisum?"

some ingenuity of the Commentators; and
y seemed generally to agree (with the ex-
tion always of Repertus) that, as she was not
reated when the prohibition was issued, and
efore could not have heard it, (a conclusion
arkably confirmed by the inaccurate way
which she reports it to be the serpent*) her
e in the crime of disobedience is considera-
lighter than that of Adam.† In corroboration
his view of the matter, Pererius remarks
it is to Adam alone the Deity addresses
reproaches for having eaten of the forbidden
, because to Adam alone the order had been
inally promulgated so far, indeed, does
gallantry of another commentator, Hugh de
Victor, carry him, that he looks upon the
rds "I will put enmity between thee and the
man," as a proof that the sex was from that
ment enlisted into the service of heaven, as
chief foe and obstacle which the spirit of
il would have to contend with in his inroads
this world —"si deinceps Eva inimica Dia-
lo, ergo fuit grata et amica Deo."

Repertus considers these *variants* as intention-
and prevaricatory, and as the first instance upon
ord of a wilful vitiation of the words of God, for
purpose of suiting the corrupt views and propen-
es of human nature —De Trinitat lib. iii. cap 5.

aietanus, indeed, pronounces it to be "minimum
catum."

Page 33.

Call her—think what—his Life.

Chavah (or, as it is in the Latin
has the same signification as the G
Epiphanius, among others, is n
prised at the application of such a
so immediately, too, after that aw
tion of death, "dust thou art, &c,
of the commentators think that it v
sarcasm, and spoken by Adam, n
terness of his heart,—in the same
(says Pererius.) as that of the Gre
their Furies, Eumenides, or Gen
Bishop of Chalon rejects this su
"Explodendi sané qui id nomine
ironiam inditum uxori suæ putant
mortis causa esset, amaro joco
lasse".‡

With a similar feeling of spleen a
some of these "distillateurs des
tres," (as Bayle calls them) in r nd
"I will make him a help *meet fo*
la: these last words "*against* c
him," (a meaning which, it appea

* Κα. μετα το ακουσαι. γηΐει και εξι γην α
παρ βα τον και την θαυ ι σστ ν ἐτι μετ
ταυ ην την μεγαλ ν εσχεν ενωνυμιαν
tom 1 edit Paris. 1622.

† Lib 6. p. 254.

‡ Pontus Tyard. de recta nominu
p. 14.

will bear,) and represent them as prophetic to those contradictions and perplexities, which men experience from women in this life.

It is rather strange that these two instances of perverse commentatorships should have escaped the researches of Bayle, in his curious article upon Eve. He would have found another subject of discussion, equally to his taste, in Gataker's whimsical dissertation upon Eve's knowledge of the τεχνην υφαντικην, and upon the notion of Epiphanius, that it was taught her in a special revelation from heaven.—Miscellan. lib. ii. cap. 3. p 200.

Page 40.

Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heavenly.

In an article upon the Fathers, which appeared, some years since, in the Edinburgh Review (No 47) and of which I have made some little use in these notes, (having that claim over it—as "quiddam notum *propriumque*"—which Lucretius gives to the cow over the calf,) there is the following remark:—"The belief of an intercourse between angels and women, founded upon a false version of a text in Genesis, is one of those extravagant notions of St Justin and other Fathers, which show how little they had yet purified themselves from the grossness of heathen mythology, and in how many respects their *heaven was* but Olympus, with other names.

Yet we can hardly be angry with them for t one error, when we recollect that possibly their enamoured angels we owe the fanc world of sylphs and gnomes, and that at this r ment we might have wanted Pope's most qu isite poem, if the version of the LXX l translated the book of Genesis correctly."

The following is one among many passag which may be adducèd from the Comte de G alis, in confirmation of this remark:—"Ces fans du ciel engendrerent les géans fame s'etant fait aimer aux filles des hommes; et mauvais cabalistes Joseph et Philo (comme t les Juifs sont ignorans.) et après eux tous auteurs que j'ai nommé tout à l'heure, ont que c'etoit des anges, et n'ont pas sçû c c'etoit les sylphes et les autres peuples élémens, qui sous le nom d'enfans d'Eloim, s distingués des enfans des hommes."—See l tret. Second.

Page 44.

So high she deem d her Churub's love!

"Nihil plus desiderare potuerint quæ ang possidebant—magno scilicet nupserant." T tull. de Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2.

Page 45.

Then first were diamonds caught, &c.

"Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir *mortels, avoient* voulu gagner les bonnes gra

ɔs filles, et leur avoient apporét des pierre-
lont ils sons gardiens naturels: et ces au-
ont crû, s'appuyans sur le livre d'Enoch
entendu, que c'etoient des piéges que les
s amoureux, &c. &c " Comte de Gabalis.
ɪrtullian traces all the chief luxuries of the
le attire, the neck-laces, armlets, rouge, and
k powder of the eye-lashes, to the research-
these fallen angels into the inmost recesses
ature, and the discoveries they were, in con-
ence, enabled to make, of all that could
ellish the beauty of their earthly favourites.
passage is so remarkable that I shall give
ɪtire :—"Nam et illi qui ea constituerant,
nati in pænam mortis deputantur: illi scili-
ngeli, qui ad filias hominum de cœlo rue-
, ut hæc quoque ignominia fœminæ accedat.
ı cùm et materias quasdam bene occultas et
ı plerasque non bene revelatas, seculo mul-
ıagis imperito prodidissent (siquidem et me-
ɪrum opera nudaverant, et herbarum ingenia
uxerant et incantationum vires provulgave-
, et omnem curiositatem usque ad stel-
m interpretationem designaverant) propriè
uasi peculiariter fœminis instrumentum istud
iebris gloriæ contulerunt: lumina lapillorum
ɔus monilia variantur, et circulos ex auro
ɔus brachia arctantur; et medicamenta ex
ɔ, quibus lanæ colorantur, et illum ipsum ni-
m pulverem, quo oculorum exordia produ-
tur." De Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2.—See him
" De Cultu Fœm. cap". 10.

The same figure, as applied t
tions, occurs in a singular passag
which the following is the
Δια την ενουσαν κατα τον αρρενος ουτη
ως σιδηρος φημι, πορρωθεν μαγνητις
μαγγονευι, De Vera Virginitat. ton
but fair, however, to add, tha
biographer of Basil, has pronou
unsanctified treatise to be spurio

Page 46.

I've said, "Nay, look not there,

I am aware that this happy
Albemarle's loses much of its gr
ness, by being put into the mou
human lover.

daring sciences, such as magic, alchemy,
"From the fallen angels (says Zosimus)
e all that miserable knowledge which is of
ise to the soul."—Παντα τα πονηρα και μαθη-
ματα την ψυχην.—Ap. Photium.

Page 48.

Or light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs.

La lumière Zodiacale n'est autre chose que
osphere du soleil."—Lalande.

Page 65.

As 'tis grav'd
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Cham were from the Déluge saved.

ie pillars of Seth are usually referred to as
lépositaries of ante-diluvian knowledge; but
were inscribed with none but astronomical
ets. I have, therefore, preferred here the
ets of Cham, as being at least, more, miscel-
ous in their information. The following
ount of them is given in Jablonski from Cas-
us:—"Quantum enim antiquæ traditiones
nt Cham filius Noæ, qui superstitionibus ac
anis fuerit artibus institutus, sciens nullum
osse superbis memorialem librum in arcam
rre, in quam erat ingressurus, sacrilegas
s ac profana commenta durissimis insculpeit
ibus."

Page 65.

And this young angel's 'mong the rest.

Pachymer, in his Paraphrase on the Book D vinis Nominibus of Dionysius, speaking the incarnation of Christ, says, that it wa mystery ineffable from all time, and "unkno even to the first and *oldest* angel,"—justify this last phrase by the authority of St. Johr the Revelation

Page 67.

Circles of light, that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side.

See the 13th chapter of Dionysius for his tions of the manner in which God s ray is co municated, first to the Intelligences near h and then to those remote, gradually losing own brightness as it passes into a denser dium. προσβαλλουσα δε ταις παχυτεραις υλαις, αμυδ ραν εχει την διαδοτικην επιφανειαν.

Page 72.

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there.

In the Catholic church, when a widow *married,* she is not, I believe, allowed to w

'ers on her head. The ancient Romans, ouired with a "corona pudicitia," or crown iodesty, those who entered but once into marriage state

Page 73.

Her, who near,
The tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the Angels.

Sara.

Page 74.

Two fallen Splendours.

ɔ Sephirots are the higher orders of emana-
eing, in the strange and incomprehensible
ı of the Jewish Cabbala They are cal-
various names, Pity, Beauty, &c. &c.;
eir influences are supposed to act through
canals, which communicate with each
The reader may judge of the rationality
ystem by the following explanation of
the machinery:—"Les canaux qui sor-
la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont
ı la Beaute, sont chargés d'un grand
d' Anges Il y en a trente-cinq sur le
ɔ la Miséricorde, qui recompensent
uronnent la vertu des Saints, &c. &c."
concise account of the Cabalistic Phi-
ee Enfield's very useful compendium

Page 74.

From that tree
Which buds with such eternally.

"On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre . . . l'Ensoph qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divins est l'Infini."—L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. ix. 11.

END OF THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

THE

DUBLIN MAIL;

OR,

Intercepted Correspondence.

Sunt quibus in Satyra videor nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus. *Hor.*

PREFACE.

ERE is something repugnant to the feel- of honour in breaking open the letters of · people: yet in nine cases out of ten, sity will equalize the balance of con- ice. The following letters were found n old gentleman in Dublin, who is well vn to have possessed since his infancy an nquerable propensity to pry into other ' secrets; at the same time, being quite votee, he is eternally suffering from the ms of conscience which follow his curi- ·. On his perceiving what he had found, remained, as it were, hovering between wish to plunder the enclosed secrets, and propriety of delivering them into the ers' possession; but,

jke the man to double business bound,
stood and paus'd where he should first begin,
d both neglected,"—

putting them carefully unopened into his pocket, and the Editor supposes they were forgotten.—On his return to town, he turned his thoughts again to the packet, and decided upon a step which he supposed would unburden his conscience, and, at the same time give a chance to his curiosity, namely, putting them into the hands of a bookseller whom he suspected would, in all probability, open them to the public. After taking this step, and sermonizing a little with him upon the inviolable sanctity of honour, he concluded his interview by a few hints, such as—"Something good in them, eh!—droll dogs the Irish—Court secrets—um!" &c. &c.; and, with a look of curious meaning departed. However, the bookseller, being a little more conscientious, decided upon not opening them until he had given the owners every fair chance of claiming them; for which purpose, they were repeatedly advertised. Three only were claimed; and the remainder, containing highly amusing information, have been put into verse, and now given to the public with little or no variation from the originals.

LETTER I.

AN EPISTLE FROM DUBLIN JERRY TO LONDON DICK.

LETTER I.

AN EPISTLE FROM DUBLIN JERRY TO LONDON DICK,

Describing the Preparations made for receiving the K——

I WRITE to you DICK, in a frolicsome style,
Just to mention the news which has made us all smile;
Which states, (and I hope not by way of a hoax,
Since the Irish are not at all fond of such jokes,)
That your K— has determin'd our land to survey,
Thro' the special advice of his friend C—H;
Who gave up to England our Parliament dear,
And, by way of return, brings his M——Y here!

God help us! 'tis long since a M——s
saw,
By his power and presence to keep u
awe.
King WILL was the last that ennobled
Land,
But he came with the sword and the p
in hand;
Cutting up the *Romans* as butchers do r
ton,
And a Protestant crown had his foreign l
put on;
The soldiers he licens'd to plunder and k
Yet his glorious memory Paddy drinks st
But the times are all chang'd and the K
that is coming
(If the press is not Paddy most cursedly h
ming)
Has no spirit for war, but the war of D
Venus,
And in that he'll have *trouble*, I doubt
between us.—
From the Boyne to the Liffey, the Shar
and Ban,
Maids, widows, and wives, long to see
great man.
Lady D. whose meridian is gone to the d
Whose weight would out-balance a coupl
hogs,

commenc'd on her visage a youthful re-
form,
te determin'd to carry her ******* by
storm,
y C. once a toast, ('twas in Rutland's
wild day,
en impudence bore all love's blisses
away,)
longer appears like a time-batter'd hag,
has purchas'd new teeth and a frizzled-
up scrag;
ite determin'd once more with love's pow-
ers to sport,
d to go, if her legs will allow her, to
court.
s. S. had her daughters, both lovely and
fair,
ck'd off to Killbarney to breathe country
air;
d appears a gay widow at sweet fifty-five,
claring, at last, she's no children alive.
e nurs'ry young Misses are all pouring out,
e boarding-school girls all beginning to
pout;
d the chit of nine years says she's out of
her teens,
ite fit to appear in the forth-coming
scenes;
short, such expectancies never were known
nce Erin has reckon'd the Shamrock her
own;

Who, thinking to honour the pri
tion,
Have voted, "*nem. con.*" just o
sand pounds
To waste upon dinners;—but,
zounds!
In doing of this this they do nc
sense,
For their coffers have not half tl
pence.
They're in debt to the Governme
the Jews,
Aye, and half of their sons are i
stews.
Of Costigan's malt they have lai
And of raspberry whiskey ten
more.
He who'll eat a whole ham an
for a lunch,
Faith, must needs wash them dov
gallons of punch.

In place of exalting the Catholic communion,
They've tipt us a harp in the midst of the Union;
To remind us that play, sing, or dance, as we will,
We are but the vassals of Englishmen still.
From Ringsend as far as the Pigeon-House wall,
Will our ladies be noticed, so "proper and tall;"
Who's intention's to make an imposing beginning,
And show the K— patterns of good Irish linen.
Some suppose that the order to wear "Irish stuff,"
Implies that the ladies must all be in *buff*;
And, amidst such a number of backs and ——
There must be a number of queer colour'd hides:
But a truce to conjecture, for two months will show
These truths which we all are so anxious to know,
My time is so short, and my subject so long,
If I write any more, gad, perhaps I'll go *wrong*.
This is merely to tell you how we are prepar'd
To receive the great man for whom nobody car'd,

To fruiterers, grocers, and dealers
And trades that are nameless, t
wanting merit.
The first news that stirs I will
again,
Provided I'm in a true musical str
Therefore, DICKY, adieu, still li
merry,
And remember your crony and fri

DUBLIN J

LETTER II.

SIR B———N B———D TO H—S M———TY.

LETTER II.

FROM SIR B———N B———D TO H—S M———TY.

Stephen's Green Dublin.

My L—e,

Is it possible ? can it be true ?
Do I read the delectable letter from you !
So she's *really* dead ! 'Pon my soul ! 'tis such news,
That for joy I could dance out the soles of my shoes.
I agree with your M———ty, 'tis rather awkward ;
Unfeeling men never in slander are backward ;
And this visiting show may dispose them to speak—
Lord ! I wish she had put off her death for a week !
But you see its just like her and that booby Wood,
She annoy'd you as much as she possibly could
Why she put back the grand Coronation a year,
Ay, and when it took place left the benches half bare ;—

To behold their *great* idol to
bay;
When the cockades, and ban
bands were flying,
And the women to get but a
dying;
When a white stone was plac
your right foot,
And to bear down to ages the
boot
When ropes of red silk, ay, a
miles long.
Were to drag you, the god
throng,
O G—! only think how malici
Just to teaze you, to take to h
die!"*

Well, my L—e, as you ask'
must say,

I have sounded my countrymen here, and can swear,
That you've nothing like hooting or hissing to fear.
For her death they care nothing, and if you'd but come,
They would all to a man, kiss your M——TY's ——.*

But what am I talking of? Can't we prevent
The news coming *here* of this lucky event?
For as yet no one knows it, but thinks she's quite hale——
Is there no way, d'ye think, of detaining the mail?†

* Here the letter was blotted, but the Editor suspects the word left out was "*hand*."

† The following extract from *The Freeman's Journal* of Thursday August 9, may throw some light upon the above hint.

"We have waited to the latest possible moment for the packet, but have at length been compelled to go to press without it. We understand both the Post Office steam vessels were detained on the Howth station last night. It is not very easy to conceive how so extraordinary a proceeding can be justified. At no period within our recollection was the public mind wound up to so high a pitch of anxiety for intelligence from the other side of the Channel as it was yesterday: and yet the day of mingled doubt and hope, and fearful apprehension, was the first that passed over for many months without public advice from Holyhead. The whole

Here the Post-Master's ready to do any thing
For a knighthood—except disoblige his
good K—,
Believe me, this seems a most feasible plan:
Start from Holyhead, prithee, as fast as you
can;—
I'll have ev'ry thing ready to-morrow and so
We may yet have a very good chance of the
show.

To save time, I'll send over S———n to
you
With this letter forthwith, so, most gracious,
adieu!

▲ B. B.

Half past Ten, P. M.

correspondence of the country, too, has been interrupted by this detention of the mails. The convenience, and perhaps the interests, of merchants, traders, and individuals, have not been more considered than the feelings of the public."

LETTER III.

FROM THE M—CH——SS OF ——— TO THE ———, IN DUBLIN.

LETTER III.

FROM THE M—CH——SS OF ——— TO THE ———, IN DUBLIN.

Sl—ne C—tle.

At midnight, Love, I'll think on thee!
At midnight, Love, O think on me!
Little Tommy.

BEST BELOVED,

IT is now the dead hour of night,
And I take up my pen as I promis'd to write;
All the Castle's at rest, nothing mars night's repose,
Save the sound of my husband's, the M—Q—S's nose.—
He is snoring behind me in bed, and, no doubt,
His long promis'd Dukedom is dreaming about;
By the Bye, love, he'll take up this letter to you,
And wont come back here before Sunday or so;
Then, if you come to-morrow, pray don't take it ill,
If I do all the honours myself with good will.

I have been reading Pope's Eloisa
through,
And it kindled such heavenly fancies of y
That the whole of my soul has expanded
night,
And, like my mould candle, here melti
outright,
When I think on the hours I have sat on yo
knee,
And the roll and the leer of your bonny bl
ee;
On the cut of that beautiful wig that y
wore,
And the curl of those whiskers, which no
are no more:
When I think on your front which despisi
the ways
Of thin Dandies, was ready to burst throu
your stays;
When I think on your leg that has suffer
so much
From the gout, love,—and, Oh! when I thin
on your crutch,
I rejoice in the thought of still lending
hand
To enable you, G——E, on the *right leg*
stand;
And I rail at the ties of mankind, and a
wonder,
To think that such turtles should e'er b
asunder.

Love, excuse me; a letter from Dublin
last night
ys you don't altogether go on very right.
ow I'm not over jealous, but, faith, I'm half
crazy,
think that you danc'd with that flirt
Esther—"easy."
d I to myself, "I'll set traps for the dame,
d she'll not gain the *trick* though she plays
Cunning-game."
, you danc'd with her, G——r, and frisk'd
with her too;
d when Paul's back was turned you played
Cutchicutchoo.*

Well, I know you're a rogue, and forgive
you for once,
ou'll promise to leave off your favourite
dance
you come to S—e C—tle, (which I hope
will be quickly,)
; faith, I confess I'm for dancing quite
tickly.

Cutchicutchoo.—A species of dancing play much
ised in Dublin in 1803. It was introduced by
Clare, and is of a most ludicrous nature.

We shall frisk to the bagpipe our favourite tune,
And my husband, as usual, shall play the bassoon.
I have all things prepar'd—ev'ry room in the house,
Ev'ry bed—in fact, ev'ry thing's sleek as a mouse.
We have set the distillers from Cork to Roserea
All at work to make whiskey for that gala day;
If unmix'd 'tis so strong you should wish to desert it,
Into punch, my ear G——, we can quickly convert it;—
For we've cut out a branch from the Boyne (that has merit,
Right staunch *orange water* for *mixing the spirit.*
WHISKEY PUNCH shall by Southey be sung to the skies,
And champaign and white brandy shall yield up the prize;
And each loyal soul that belongs to the Boyne
Is in hopes that you'll knight it, the same as *Sir Lo n.*
Come along then, my G——Y, and hasten my joys,
Come, and do like the Prince of all whack-paddy boys.

We'll have priests, aye, and pipers, and fiddlers, galore,
And each Pat shall be drunk from the Boyne to the Nore;*
While the Shamrock shall twine round your wig-cover'd head,
And we'll dance, drink, and sing, till we're carried to bed!

C.

* A river in the south of Ireland, which unites with the Shannon.

LETTER IV.

ɔM LORD S———H TO THE MARQUIS

OF L—D—D—Y.

LETTER IV.

FROM LORD S———H TO THE MARQUIS OF L—D—D—Y.

Dublin Castle.

Come, D——Y, come; the merry Dublin cits
No longer hate you, having lost their wits.
I think at present if the very devil
Came with the ****, they'd treat his Highness civil.
Shake off all fear, your welcome will be hearty,
At least GRANT says so, from the Orange party;
And I am sure the Catholics are still
Inclin'd to think you can assist their bill
Behind the curtain, with a few good words,
When next it runs the gauntlet through the Lords:
So, on the whole, you see you have a chance
To lead the court and regulate the dance;—

LETTER V.

FROM SIR W——M C——S TO ALDERMAN A——NS.

LETTER V.

FROM SIR W——M C——S TO ALDERMAN A——NS.

Dublin.

O A——s, dear A——s! by G- d, (I must swear)
This here country, believe me, surpasses *that there*,*
Here a man such as I am is sure of respect,
There we've nothing but grins and the coldest neglect.

* The worthy B——t has here evidently plagiarised on the following epitaph; but, as it was written by himself, it may be allowed to pass without censure:

"Here lies Billy C——s, our worthy Lord Mayor,
Who has left *this here* world, and is gone to *that there*."

Why, in London, one cannot well v
through the streets,
But one's jostled and sneer'd at by all that
meets;
And beset by the wasps of the *Radi*
nest—
Ev'n the *nose on one's face* made a matt
jest.
O how different is Dublin! Here ev'ry e
Most respectfully watches to see me pass
Here whole thousands escort me with u
ver'd pates:
And, though showering cats and dogs, l
off their hats,
I assure you the M———H himself does
meet
With such noisy receptions as I seem to
I am never a man my own praises to sin
But, between you and me, many think
the K—G;
And the Irish might make a worse blu
than this,
For the K—G's growing like me in perso
phiz.
I can give you a proof:—t'other day I v
out,
For the purpose of nothing but gaping ab
When the mob got a wind of me, JOHNN
my eye!
How they flung up their hats and their ton
to the sky!

[t's the K—G ! it's the K—G !—Shout, you
rapscalions, shout !
ı, long life to your M———Y !—Wheel
him about !"
ı they siez'd me, and upon their shoulders
they hoist me,—
:esisted, though, truly, it secretly rejoiced
me,
ıt in vain ; for they bore me triumphantly off
ɔr the length of a street—God ! could'nt
but laugh !
nd the lord knows how far they'd have car-
ried me on,
a *little dispute* had not cut short the fun.
keen black-looking fellow that close to me
got,
nd who saw what I *was*, and knew what I
was not,
oar'd aloud, "Och, he is not the K—G !—
Why," said he,
The K—G's nose is much shorter." All
crowded to see.
ɔme denied—some insisted ; now blows fol-
low blows,
n the point between mine and his M——Y's
nose
I would have made a man dying revive with
a laugh ;
ut the short noses got it—and so I got off,*

* An occurrence of a ludicrous nature took place
sterday at Rings's End. Sir W——C——, and

I have been at the grand city feast, Sir and, there,
As a matter of course, sat beside the Lord MAYOR.
The dinner was quite a *Guildhaller*—right well;
The vension was fat, and was kept to a smell,
And, for second-rate Alderman *like*, 'pon my soul,
Their turtle was got up not bad on the whole;
It was raining champaign corks the whole of the night,
And the scene was the centre of city delight:
But throughout the whole evening the principal thing,
Which attracted was *me*—not excepting the K—G.
After dinner I *speech'd*;—so did Lord C——H,
In his usual long winded and humbugging way,

some other gentlemen, having walked down to the Docks to visit his yacht was returning when some persons who met them informed those who followed that the worthy B——t was the K——g. The news ran like wild fire through the increasing mob, and they proceeded to cheer him. The gratified B——t returned the courtesy by taking off his hat which seemed to convince the people he was his M——y and they literally carried their idol into Denzil-street before they discovered their error!

Freeman's Journal.

Full of many fine things to flush Catholic pride,
While the cunning dog put out his tongue t'other side;
And gave DARLEY a wink that he well understood
As an order NOT YET to abandon the feud;
Which the Alderman bottled, determin'd to show
That the K—G could do nought without Ministers too.
Now as long as the K—G was in company, DARLEY
Ey'd O'CONNELL with spite, as a Guelph would a Charley;
Or just as a quarrelling school-boy will eye,
Mouth, and frown at another while master is by;—
But the moment the M——H was gone, up stood he,
With his *stone-cutting* mallet and hammer'd away;
Knocking Catholics over the head—while the others,
In true *Irish affection* return'd it like brothers.

Thus the union of parties were seal'd with a row,
Thus their friendship grew warmer at every blow;

Thus the feast of political harmony here
Was most *happily* ended like Donybrook fair!
But I now must conclude, and put on my new coat,
And set off to the park to a private *blow out:*
For the K—G's laid a singular wager with BEN,
That I'll swallow three tureens of turtle, and then
Eat a turbot and lobsters. He further proposes,
For a bit of diversion, *to measure our noses!*
Adieu, then, for now I must off quickly run,—
For by G—, Sir, I'm up to my middle in fun!
So, your's truly, dear A——s, until I return;
Having sent you this letter, I now wait for *your'n.*

W. C——.

POSTCRIPT.

Pray bear my best wishes and commiseration
To the dear Constitutional *Ass*-sociation.

Δ

LETTER VI.

FROM THE M——CH——SS OF ——————

CHAMBERMAID TO HER SISTER.

LETTER VI.

FROM THE M——CH——SS OF ——
CHAMBERMAID TO HER SISTER.

Sl—ne C—tle.

DEAR DOLLY,

WE'RE all in the skies with delight—
We have had the *great* man at Sl—ne C—tle last night;
And my lady, at length, had the pleasure to meet
Her *fat hopes* at her county of Meath *country-seat.*
Such a night—such a night, oh, there never was past
I can hardly describe it, my head reels so fast
But I'll try, for I've now a full hour, I dare say
As our guest wont get up *quite so early* to-day,
Nor the M——CH——SS neither,—poor *delicate* thing
No doubt she's knock'd up with *delighting* the K—G;

In plain language I'll tell you t
occurr'd,
And for truth you may truly
word.
Lest my letters miscarry—(
case!)—
I'll enclose to the house-mai
P—ce;
And the M—Q—s shall frank i
dear DOLLY;
'Tis not the first time that *he f*
folly.
Well, to make a beginning
came down,
I was dress'd in my *spic-and-sp*
lin gown;
For my lady commanded that
wear black—
(And God knows it created son
clack.)
Many said, as the whiskey

hat a business like this the wide world had
ne'er seen;
hat the very same hour his unfortunate
Q——N
'as a *corpse* on the billows, and hurrying
away
o the tomb of her fathers—the last of her
clay!
'hat the grave was her court, and her cour-
tiers the dead,
white sheet her mantle—the cold earth her
bed;—
hat *at this very hour* was he laughing along,
he idol and gaze of a stultified throng.

This is rather poetical, DOLLY, you'll say,
ut you know that the Irish folks' usual way.
nd I heard them last night, when I slipp'd
to the inn,
'ith L—D C——LER——H's coachman, sweet
Paddy O'Flynn;
'ow Pat, though he whips for his L———p,
cant tell
'hat's the worth of an oyster, and worth of
its shell;
nd whenever his master has once turned
his back,
le can give *him* as well as his horses a
smack;—

Well, with him and some others I heard what I said
Of the Q——N, and much more that's gone out of my head
But I know you would much rather have what I saw
'Twixt the family here and their fine fat Bashaw;
So attend.

When the carriage came first to our view,
O my stars! what a long-winded phil-lil-lil-loo!
The hussars were all startled, their horses took fright,
And shilelahs thump'd heads with extatic delight.
From old Drogheda's gates to the steeple of Kells
There was nothing but loyalty's leather-lung'd yells;
Trees hobbled with trees, and hills jump'd upon hills,
To behold their itinerant healer of ills.
But, between you and me, DOLLY, most people say,
That they'd make the same row for the quack C——ER——H;

Whose nostrums so poisonous half-kill'd them before,
And who now would persuade them to swallow down more.
Well, the M——CH——SS, jumping with jollity met
At the gate of the castle her *mobbified* pet
While my LADY EL—Z—TH, push'd to the rear
By her mother, with jealousy eyeing the pair,
Awaited her turn, and at length had the bliss
Of dividing with her the sweet welcoming kiss.
O DOL! had you seen how the M—CH—SS wriggled,—
When she look'd at the crape on his arm, how she giggled!
How she patted his cheek, so sea-weather'd and bluff—
Kiss'd his chin and his whiskers——no, no, they were off!
Cleopatra, the queen that we read of at school,
Never made of her Anthony half such a fool.
I declare I quite felt for the M—Q—S; but then
He's the best-natured, kindest, and *blindest*, of men!

Now the dinner is dish'd, the white whis
key punch smokes,
And BEN B——M——D rehearses his cu
and dry jokes,
Just to whet the K—G's appetite: hoste
and host
Vied to see who would please their fat vis
tor most.
The old M-Q—s most pressingly aske
would he choose.
To be help'd to a taste of his *county Mea*
goose?
While the M——CH——SS sliced him, we
knowing his choice.
A large leg of fat mutton, with fine *cap*
sauce;
Which, though not quite a novelty, yet o
may say
'Twas a change—being cook'd in a *new Iri*
way.
And he ate of them both with "most dignifi
ease,"
His illustrious countenance all over *grace.*

Now when all had baptized this delectab
day
With a lib'ral libation of worthy Roscrea;
When the shouts, and the shots, and t
flash, and the din,
From without lent their joys to the joy
within;

When thus reaping the sweets of a sixty years' life
Clearly cut from his people at home and his wife.
With all fancies well fitted from woman to wig,
He got up with delight, and he call'd for a jig.
"Play Bob and Joan,"* piper," says he, that's the thing!
D—n me! now I can feel I am *truly* a ——!"
Then the M—CH——ss fac'd him in right Irish fun,
And then the corpulent couple kept jigging till one.

Now, DOLLY adieu; for my lady's bell rings,
If my ears answer rightly, or else its the K—G's.
I am order'd to wait, and let nobody come
But myself—do you understand, DOLLY?—but mum!

* A favourite Irish jig, beginning thus;
"Hey for Bob and Joan,
Hey for stoney batter;
Keep your wife at home,
And then," &c.

In my next I shall send you a long list, post-
free,
Of the secrets my lady reposes in me;
God knows she has plenty—fat frolicsome
tab!
Your's,

AGNES ELIZABETH CATHERINE BLAB.

POSTSCRIPT.

O DOLLY! I just have come dawn from my
lady,
And such curious things as I've witness'd al-
ready!—
I'll just tell you something—but there goes
the bell
For the brandy—ódd rot'em! Dear DOLLY,
farewell!

LETTER VII.

ROM THE M——S OF L——N——Y TO

THE E—— OF L——L.

LETTER VII.

FROM THE M———S OF L———N———Y TO THE E———OF L———L.

My Lord, a more than ordinary dread
Seiz'd me when your despatches I had read;
I found, however, upon due reflection,
My confidence restor'd in full perfection;
And none you know, enjoys a greater share
Of faith and resolution in despair,
How strong soe'er the Radicals may be,
Or loud in their contempt of you and me:
Not to regard their wishes with a *sneer*,
Would certainly in us be proof of *fear*,
An awkward feeling we should never shew,
At least to such a despicable foe:
The People—where the devil did they gain
The notion of *their* privilege to *reign?*
The People—none but Radicals and fools
Would think of yielding to their senseless rules;
And this same *People* it should be our plan
To keep as much in shackles as we can!

And now that lukewarm D——
grace
Himself—his friends—his patro
place,
By yielding to a miserable rac
Of noisy Radicals is quite astor
Indeed he merits our severe ad
Fo, if our consequence is set a
By men who never reason as tl
By *men*, by *blackguards* I shou
'Tis vain alike to legislate and
We shortly shall have nothing
And not a Bishop will be *funda*

We, therefore, on the m
S——n,
Must show a prompt and positi
Of our dislike to measures suc
And blame, of course, the
takers;

But when the implements for prompt sul
mission
Are in their hands, how diff'rent their coı
dition!
And B——R, since his friends the means po:
sess'd
To send each scoundrel to his lasting rest,
Should certainly have used them like a hero
Which was the practice in the time of NERO
Had he but done his duty as he ought,
Forbearance would have been an *after thought*,
And not have taken precedence of that
Which should have laid his adversaries flat:
He ought, for instance, to have work'd away,
The moment they objected to obey;
First taking care to treat them with the ACT,—
All then would have been *legal* and *exact;*
He then would quickly have destroy'd their capers,
And all the chucklings of their "low-liv'd" Papers!
If he imagin'd that his noisy foes
Would foil the soldiers, and defy their blows,
He should have brought from Woolwich, d'ye see,
A dozen pieces of artillery:—
But to submit to Radicals—to be
The jest of WOOLER, and such things as he—

And now, my friend, let me
pleasure
Which we experience here bey
sure.
Nothing on earth can equal the
With which the people, mornin
night,
Receive us and our FRIEND, t
Man,
Whose air and affability they sc
With such emotions as bes
l——y,
And show them friends to o
R——y.
When first I meditated this exc
I look'd for pleasure, kindnes
sion;
But hope, however sanguine
dream
Of half the friendship, transport
With which all classes welcom

As to myself, I walk the streets with ease,
And those who hated once appear to please
Themselves with notions that I yet shall be
Their guardian angel through futurity.
I hear no more of *Nine-tails* and of *gags*
From bores envelop'd in their worthless rags;
No more *Triangle* falls upon mine ear,
And D—— with complacency I hear,
Because its former meaning has been undone,
And now is blended with illustrious L——.

When I return there will be much to do
'Twixt VAN and SID, L—— E——N, me, and you;
I mean to have friend C——R pen a manual
For Irishmen, and make *this visit* annual;
For I perceive 'tis useful to our cause,
And strengthens both our places and the laws.
But for the present I must take my leave,
Having some weighty matters to achieve
For C——M, whose lady often touches
Upon the pride and glory of a D——;
Which honour I have promis'd to obtain,
For reasons I shall cheerfully explain.

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE MARCHIONESS OF ——— ———

TO HER PARTICULAR FRIEND, LADY —.

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE MARCHIONESS OF ——— ———

TO HER PARTICULAR FRIEND, LADY —.

More pleasant than ever my time flies away,
For nothing but harmony graces the day,
And nothing but love and the warmest delight,
Enflame my soft soul when my darling's in sight.

When awake HE transports me with stories divine,
Suited only to ears such as H——D's and mine;
Talks of Ovid and Suckling, as much as of yore,
But the devil a word does he say about M———.

That the greater display
the chest,
The better his head can be

He's as fond as a boy in his
And he finds me as easy as
He does what he pleases, a
shown
That his *fashions* and *fanc*
own.

As for her, *the poor woman*
so long,
Ben sang her *funeral rites* i
In a song to the tune (goo
———)
Of "a Sprig of Shelelah, a
green;"

And, as Heav'n we mean for ourselves, you must know,
We wish'd her safe down to the *regions below!*

'Tis needful at seasons with us, as with others,
To weep at the deaths of our fathers and mothers,
But grief is with us nothing more than a farce,
For to mourn in *sincerity* proves one an ass.

So we never once gave the *old Lady* a thought,
But sported and giggled, and toy'd as we ought;
And as for MY MASTER he madden'd with bliss,
And gave me for once—*a Legitimate Kiss!*

And faith ever since he has been quite a ———,
Seizing ev'ry enjoyment his CIRCE could bring,
Always merry and funny, uproarious, and frisky,
And mugging himself with our care-killing whiskey.

'Twas a sensible scheme of my
To cause this Hibernian pomp :
For it makes all the Radicals
holes,
And gives us besides *seven milli*

If these will not strengthen :
secure,
I know not what force will
ensure,
But while Paddy remains what
present,
Our lives will be truly ambros
sant.

In my next I shall tell you—
nous—

You know very well I've an eye to a
C——,*
A little more splendid, of course, than my
own,
And of this I have given a hint rather strong,
In the hope of attaining the honour ere long!

So at present adieu—make my love to all
friends,
And tell them this visit has answer'd its
ends;
That C——— means ev'ry year to repeat
it,
If VAN and his budget can manage to meet it!

* A D——l coronet.

LETTER IX.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. DEPUTY BULL, IN DUBLIN, TO MRS. BULL, IN LONDON.

LETTER IX.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. DEPUTY BULL, IN DUBLIN, TO MRS. BULL, IN LONDON.

WELL, darling, once more I resume with delight
My pen, just a few loving phrases to write;
To tell you how matters are going on here,
Where transport and matchless affection appear;
Where nothing is seen but expressions of zeal,
And loyalty follows on R*****y's heel.
Oh! never in all the whole course of my life
Have I witness'd a man, upon losing his ——,
Assume such a *sensible rational air*,
Or so well with delight deck the features of care!
To-day he *puts on* an *appearance* of sorrow,
Then all is *pure* sunshine and gladness to-morrow.

He "suits ev'ry word," you may
the action,"
And gives all the Paddies complete
tion:
No man ever liv'd that could play
better,
As you will perceive ere I finish this
And let malice say what the devil it
His foes must allow that *he's always*

Ever since we arriv'd we have l
sea
Of commotion and madness, devo
glee.
The SPRIGS OF SHELELAH, I freely
Are the best sort of people to conq
tress:
Though poor, they are merry, thou
are mild,
And yield to the rod like a penitent
I never beheld such attentions befor
In men so industrious, ragged, and
Not a touch of the Radical fever the
And loyalty seems all the passion th
Let you turn where you will you
them engross'd
In caressing their guest, like a liber
They praise and extol him through
through mire,
And swear that they never can cea
mire:—

ey own he has *graces* they ne'er saw in
o'hers,
d came from the best of all possib'e mothers;
at *feeling* and *innocence* smil'd at his birth,
d made him the idol of Neptune and
Earth!
language indeed can convey any notion
the manner in which they attest their devotion:
een laurels, and ribbons, and banners, and
music,
ough, in all conscience, to make me and
you sick.)
e heard and discovered wherever you
walk;—
hort, all the tradespeople's bus'ness and
talk
concerning the HERO who smiles at their
kindness,
who, like myself, often pities their
blindness;
sensibly proffers them nothing to cure it,
ile they are contented to grope and endure it.

h! never was man more secure in his
life,
twithstanding the mobs that have flatter'd
his ****,)

I mean among those who h
rhino,
And keep the poor under like
know.
All parties adore him—no sect
As yet we have had no cabal t
In fact, all religion is laid on t
As if never notic'd by Derry an
And properly too, when a man
sure,
To kiss the young widows an
leisure!

Last night just at eight we
delight
To a dinner, my darling, that
sight.
Such turtle and ven'son—sucl
potatoes—
Such platteaux of gold, and s
waiters!

for W**D and his party, (whom still he calls knaves,
l whom he would wish to see laid in their graves,)
io, at last, have found out they are left in the lurch,
l must now hang their hopes on a less R—l perch.
often caress'd me by calling me JOHN,
iame by the bye, not in vogue with the *Ton*;
which, on escaping the lips of a ****,
emphatic beyond all that SOUTHEY can sing,
drank wine together, as you may suppose,
ihing good to ourselves and ill-luck to our foes;—
parley'd on matters of love and of state,
l agreed that mankind were the victims of fate;
it the Q—— was ordain'd to be hooted and hiss'd,
l ourselves to be blest with an excellent *twist!*
ve recently mingled with people of note,
i perhaps, will accuse me of turning my coat;
can I dissemble that such now the case is,
here I see nothing but *greatness* and *graces*.

If his M——Y swears, why he swears like a
P——,
Giving *mouth* to his oaths, which his wisdom
evince.
I assure you, my dear, that the great C——
Is no longer afraid to walk out in the day:
The Paddies appear to adore and caress him,
As if they had reason for *mercy* to bless him;
Which arises, perhaps, from their not know-
ing well
All those *virtues* in which he is wont to
excel;
Or, likely enough, they don't think him the
same,
Having recently chang'd his illustrious name,
And thrown into Lethe, delighted and merry,
All the former renown of the *tender-soul'd*
DERRY.
But here my dear rib, I must bid you adieu,
For the R——L PROCESSION at last is in
view.*

* We trust the worthy Deputy could not intend any disloyal or ironical allusion to a portion of Gay's Fable of "The Hare and many Friends,"—

——"Adieu!
For see the *hounds* are just in view."

LETTER X.

PISTLE FROM THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO THE POPE.

LETTER X.

EPISTLE FROM THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO THE POPE.

TROY to his sovereign Lord the Pope
Sends greeting, with the humble hope
That he will not reproaches fling
On Catholics who love their king;
But still who are in duty bound
To bend with rev'rence to the ground,
And show their homage countless ways,
To him who keeps the blessed keys
Of heav'n's own bright celestial paddock;
Like him of yore* who mark'd the haddock;
Or, as some say in modern story,
Who held fast with his sooty thumb
That holy fish you love—John Dory,
And which you know is all a hum.
But listen to the whole account,
And measure then the full amount

*St. Peter.

Of penance, which, however hard,
Will make us worthy your regard.
It pleas'd the K—G to hold a levée,
And there admit a numerous bevy
Of lords and gentlemen, to pay
Their court in turn, and go away.
However to oblige us all,
He sent his SEC. to LORD FINGALL,
And bade him kindly intimate
That he would wear his robes of state,
And in a private chamber take
The best address that I could make.
We went—and humbly let me tell,
His M———Y received us well.
He held his hand most kindly out,
And smil'd; while each, in turn devout,
Gave, as became a pious servant,
A kiss most orthodox and fervent;
Still keeping in respectful view
Our *fix'd* allegiance, lord, to you.

But say, thou favour'd son of heav'n,
Can such transgressions be forgiv'n,
Amongst us holy Catholics,
As kissing hands of heretics?
Which nothing but th' anticipation
Of getting yet emancipation
Could tempt us then so far to push,
And do a thing for which we blush.

Forgive, we pray, the sacrilege,
  And fifty priests shall barefoot go
To Rome, upon a pilgrimage
  To kiss, O lord, your holy toe.

B.

LETTER XI.

FROM THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND PUISSANT MONARCH, NIAL O'CONNOR, THE TRUE AND LINEAL INHERITOR OF THE THRONE OF IRELAND, KING OF ULSTER AND CONNAUGHT, &c. &c. &c. TO G——— THE F———H, K——— OF E———D, GREETING.

LETTER XI.

FROM THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND PUISSANT MONARCH, NIAL O'CONNOR,* THE TRUE AND LINEAL INHERITOR OF THE THRONE OF IRELAND, KING OF ULSTER AND CONNAUGHT, &c &c. &c. TO G—— THE F——H, K—— OF E————D, GREETING.

Killmackluny Palace, Balinagar.

BROTHER,

WE send thee peace with right good will
By our sole minister TEAGUE COLLUMKILL;

* This personage now lives in the western part of Ireland, near Loughrea He is about 80 years of age, a tall noble looking figure, and dresses in a scarlet robe, which he throws across his shoulder like the Roman toga He lives the life of a hermit, not condescending to speak to any person but his own daughter, and she is not permitted to eat at the same table with him. He has in his apartment a long list of his genealogy, in which he proves his right to the Irish throne, and has in his possession a crown, which he says the last king of Connaught wore, and which by right descended to him.—He goes to church every Sunday *in state;* that is, with

Who bears our full commands to freely t
On one great matter which concerns
state.
We have a grand daughter, in whose b
eye
Lives royal fire—(we wish it not to die
We have a grand-daughter, whose pl
red cheek
And breast can speak much more than
can speak.
You'er now, my brother, left withou
heir,
Sound sixty, amorous, and a widower;
End then our country's long unhappy str
And take my *Nockmaclontha* for a wife.
She's true Hibernian blood, and flesh,
bone—
Last spring she weigh'd just three and tw
ty stone;

a person holding up his train, a staff in his h
and followed by his grand-daughter, who is a
teresting girl, and of whom he is extremely
The following anecdote will strongly show the
acter of this extraordinary individual :— A y
Irish officer, who had returned from Spain wit
loss of an arm, was desirous to become acqua
with "*his Majesty*," and politely accosted h
one of his walks —The "*Monarch*," on learnin
he was an officer in the British service, resum
sterner look, and said to him, "Young man,
have acquitted yourself no doubt with honou
courage, but *you have served the stranger!*
farewell !" and instantly left him.

d as you rate the value of the fair
butchers bullocks, by the size they are,
u'll find her far surpass all other dames,
e R——D——DS E——TH——ZYS,
C——GH——MS.
! she's the fattest finest maid alive,
e very age you like to be—*forty-five!*

Take then this offer of her mighty
charms,—
ite the G——PHS and CONNORS in her
arms:
ry six hundred years of discord there,
d give my *Nockmaclontha's* hopes an
heir:
hose power shall keep your radicals in
awe,
d teach them how to honor regal law.

send with COLLUMKILL for your good eye
e last six yards of my genealogy,
hich takes up to the flood—the other nine
ere burnt at the battle of the Boyne:
hich had you seen, you could have traced
me on
HEBER FION, IR, and HEREMON.*

hree brothers, Scythians, who first found Ireland

But one word more—and, Oh! mark wh
I say—
A marriage with *my line's* the only way
All jarring parties to one point to bring,
And make a *proper Anglo-Irish King.*

A NIAL O'CONNOR, *Rex.*

LETTER XII.

FROM A SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO A STUDENT IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

LETTER XII.

FROM A SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO A STUDENT IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE,

Containing the Address of the Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin, to the K—.

Οτ ἐλω πίω τόν οινον
Τότε μευ ητορ ἰανθέν
Αιγαίνεῖν αεχεται μεσάς.

ANAK.

DEAR BOB,—

Like old Anacreon,
That jolly toping dog,
I always write much better
When I take a glass of grog.

Then here goes, for, I've taken one,
Or two, or three, or four;
And drunk our jolly Irish K—G,
Till I could drink no more.

With us to day he din'd—that is,
With all the wigged elves;
For we *poor scholars progg'd* upon
Short commons by ourselves.

Yet Bob, we had our part: and so
We did it well and frisky;
For ev'ry glass of wine they drank,
We drank a glass of whiskey.

Which, tho' not good as wine, is very
Far before *October*;*
For if we'd drunk of that all night,
I'd still be *beastly sober*.

Of course, you know old Jacky B—
Hat and wig also;
The snuff upon his chin and cravat,
Cuff and breeches too.

He's four feet and *a little bit*,
His head as pumpkin big;
And in the height most folks allow
Eight inches for his wig.

Such was the man all fix'd upon
The M———H to address:
Oh! would that thou wert bigger, J
Or that thy wig were less!

* "October" is a term given to a tolerabl beer brewed for the use of the students o College, on which they regale themselves when they have nothing stronger.

'or such a queer Vice-Chancellor
Before a R——l eye
'e'er stood in this or any other
University!

'ut what he wanted in his height
He made up well in knowledge;
or all that know him know his head
Is in itself a college,

he man of all for weighty lore,—
In nothing is he *caret*;
he learned Dom'nie Sampson was
A fool to JACKEY B—RR—T.

'hen Babel was confusion all,
Had he been there, Oh, then
e might have been th' interpreter,
And set all right again.

he Syriac, Chaldee, Hebrew, Greek,
The Cophtic and Teutonic,
hinese, Arabic, Welsh, Basquentian,
Irish, and Slavonic,—

'ere glowing 'neath his pond'rous wig,
One brilliant constellation;
it, Oh! that wig—that cloud shut out
All eyes from observation!

Except perchance a side-long shift
  Let forth a ray—Oh, then
All men admir'd the wond'rous man,
  But damn'd the wig again.

Astronomy, philosophy,
  The boundless mathematics;
With all the *hydros*, *hys*, and *physs*,
  Ologies and *atics*,—

Were cramm'd in crowds within his hea
  And left no spot where those
Dull things call'd common sense and
    ners
  E'en could cram their nose.

His knowledge shall extinguish yet
  The city's giddy blaze;
A hydrocanisterium
  To man's accustom'd ways!

Who was so learn'd—who so fit
  T' address a learned K—G?
Oh! none but thou—wig snuff and scien
  JACK, the very thing!

The day of glorious days arrives,
  Spreads wide the bustling hum;
B—RR—T is ready—hark! behold!—
  The mighty M——H's come;

The library with fellows fill'd
  Receives the R——l guest;
And now the short Vice-Chancellor
  Steps forth from all the rest.

His gait is grave—his look profound;
  The M——H turns aside
As if to sneeze—but, Oh! it was
A titt'ring laugh to hide.

This soon pass'd off, and J——K commenc'd
His fine address to speak;
Some thought it would have been in Latin,
  Others thought in Greek.

However, as the worthy speaker
  Spoke it, so I send it;
And, for the sake of B—RR—T, Bob,
  I hope you'll comprehend it.

THE SPEECH.

All hail! great M——H!—Αναξ ανδρων
Transplanted here, a mighty Δενδρον.
We hail thee as the tree of knowledge,
Now taking root within our College.
Thy shade has overspread us quite,
And would have left us all in night,
But that—Oh! resplendescent K—G,
Within your shade a light you bring.

Your M———Y's deep read in Greek,
And know'st well ev'ry crooked creek
In ev'ry ancient commentator,
Original, and eke translator
Knows ev'ry German patronimic,
Which vilely doth the Latin mimic;
From Hogeveen to Lubin Log,
And the Dutch robbers, all in "*ogg*."*

* The following lines are generally imputed to the author of "Baron Munchausen;" and how that opinion could remain so long uncontradicted is inexplicable The Editor is happy to have this opportunity of stating, that they are the composition

So you can judge, O K——G divine!
The lore that's in this wig of mine.
And now this bound Anacreon see,
Which I present your M———Y,
Enrich'd by me with annotations,
And many learned commendations.
I've chang'd (as far as I can tell)
The form of ev'ry syllable;
And now may say—O K—G of men!
Anacreon's himself again?
Another proof of loyalty,
This curious Sannscrit grammar I
Present with all complaisancy;—
Read it, and thou shalt find I've penn'd
A grammar God himself can't mend;
By means of which your M———Y,
And all of small capacity,
May gain the language all at once,
E'en if you were the first rate dunce.
Now to conclude this my oration,
I'll give you, Sire, a dissertation,

of Mr. B—BR—T, originally belonging to a prize poem. They were set to music by the present Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and sung at the dinners given to his M——Y by the whole company, to the great delight of the M——H, who is an excellent judge of such compositions:

"Ye owls and crickets, Gogg Magogg,
And giants chiming Antrofogg,
Come join blithe choral all in ogg,
Carologg, Basilogg, fogg and bogg!"

n all my own immense perfections,
ivided into several sections.

First, then, I am completely pat in
l tongues from Adam's down to Latin.
lish'd (as one may say) *ad unguem*,
y L——E; but, to avoid the *longum*,
I say I know of ev'ry classic,
ough to make the greatest ass sick.
n deeply read in Theophrastes,
nd that abstruse old rogue Erastus;
now ev'ry turn of Epictetus,
ho to the gods doth elevate us;
nd Arrian and Seutonius,
cundus eke and Bonefonius;
e counted all, or very nigh 'em,
ne flies Domitian kill'd *per diem*;
n tell exactly *cent. per cent.*
' amount of Crassus' yearly rent;—
n calculate without mistake
ow many pounds of human steak,
'n to an ounce, as I'm a sinner,
d Polyphemus ate for dinner;—
ow many years Ogyges reign'd,
nd quantity of wine contain'd
all the casks Acestes sent
serve the Trojan regiment:
e mark'd throughout antiquity
ch virtue from iniquity;
ere's none who know so well as I do
e hour Eneas met with Dido;

How often am'rous Jove got drunk,
And slily went to visit punk
Down in the sweet Idalian vales;
How oft Briarius par'd his nails,
And Argus wash'd his hundred peepers,—
How long have slept the seven sleepers!
But, Lord! at Hebrew I'm your man,
From Bas-sheba e'en unto Dan:
I'm up to the original text,
So long by commentators vex'd;
With the tough Rabbies I can grapple,
And know the very sort of apple
That Adam munch'd, (a luckless ration,)
Which brought upon us all damnation!
I've learnt the form of Noah's ark,
That co-deluvian wooden park,
Which held all kinds of beasts and birds;
(Lord! how it must have * * * !)
How beasts walk'd in o' their *own accord*,
Because *commanded* by the Lord!
How birds were caught by worms and snails
On shaking salt upon their tails;—
I know as clear as Hiccius Doctius
How Sampson caught so many foxes;
How he contriv'd to make them friends,
And then to fire their latter ends,—
('Twas done by means of an oration,
Address'd unto the savoury nation;)
I also know king David's doings,
His plots, and pranks, and wicked wooings;

ll he play'd his regal part,
h one made "after God's own heart!"
y crack-points the mathematics,—
l *chin-deep* in hydrostatics;—
evil can't match me as logician,
ician or metaphysician;—
ded much to geometry
herical trigonometry;
avell'd o'er the Zodiac
a telescopic hack;
y sign assuredly
ade a new discovery:—
of magnitude, most full,
twixt th' horns of the bull;
, finding nothing urging,
d, then pass'd into *the virgin*:
ry shortly came out thence,
to *Pisces* made a bounce;
mongst those fishes of the sky,
vas so *odd a fish as I!*

ort, great Sire, I this will say,
ch I'll any wager lay,
very point of human knowledge
as well's I do this College;
I have stuck like bird-lime, Sir,
Freshman up to *Chancellor*.

all my merits no reward,
ut one; and 'twould be hard

To be refus'd.—Oh, Sir, delight me!
I pray your M ——r to knight me
That all may hail me in my garret
VICE-CHANC'LLOR SIR JOANNES B—

THE learned speaker, bowing low,
Thus ended his oration;
While ev'ry eye was fix'd upon
This wonder of creation.

Oh, had there been a sword within
The reach of our good K—G,—
A dagger, or a carving knife,
Or any pointed thing,—

So much he pleased the R——l ear,
That, sure as I'm a sinner,
He would have been (delightful thou
A knight before his dinner.

But as no *knighting* implement
Was in the M——H's reach,
JACKY must wait until he makes
Another R——l speech.

Wigg'd fellows now surround the K—
In decency's defiance;
All anxious for the task to show
The literary *lions*.

A hundred fingers point at once
  To guide the R——l eye
Thro' all the nooks, and holes, and corners,
  Of antiquity.

One show'd a broken spur—another
  Show'd a rusty nail;
This show'd a curious *college rat*,
  And that a *fox's tail!*

And, 'twixt the showing and the speeching,
  It would have been as well,
If, just by way of change, the K—a
  Had heard the *dinner bell!*

However, this was wisely staid
  For two full hours and more;
Until they had exhausted all
  Their literary store.

And then, of course, they went to dine,—
  Oh, such a sable set
At festive board with jolly M——r
  Never, never met.

Slow mov'd the glass, but slower mov'd
  The *learned* conversation;
All wish'd to show their guest the *weight*
  Of *College education*.

And, lest it should affect his brai
As too much learning may,
He got up soberly at *nine*,
And *wisely* went away.

Dear Bob, you see of what I kn
I've told you ev'ry thing;
Now what dy'e think of how the
Entertain'd the K—G?

I swear if he had dined with us
*Poor scholars** we'd have giv
Less learning—but, by George,
Have gone before *eleven*.

Well, Bob, I must lay down my pen,
  The whiskey's in my noddle;
So, fare you well, my worthy—hiccup!
  Off to bed I'll toddle.

Daniel Dolichos, *T. C. D.*

Δ

LETTER XIII.

FROM PHELIM O'CONNOR, (THE YOUNGER,) ESQ. IN DUBLIN, TO HIS FRIEND, ARTHUR O'HARA, ESQ. IN LONDON.

LETTER XIII.

FROM PHELIM O'CONNOR, (THE YOUNGER,) ESQ.* IN DUBLIN, TO HIS FRIEND, ARTHUR O'HARA, ESQ. IN LONDON.

FROM this much-injur'd and degraded land,
Where shame has now impress'd her deepest brand;
Where patriot souls and patriot zeal have fled,
Nor left one feeling heart nor thinking head;—

* This gentleman has already made a conspicuous figure in the memoirs of the Fudge Family in Paris, as detailed by their lively poetical biographer. That he should not have long remained domesticated with persons whose principles and habits were so little congenial with his own, cannot excite much surprise. It has, however, been whispered, that the immediate cause of his removal was the susceptibility and obvious partiality of Miss Biddy Fudge, who found in the young Irishman attractions that more than compensated, in her eye, the numerous sins and errors of his political creed.

sign'd
To raise the scoff and wonder o
I fain, in these few lines in ang
Would my sad thoughts unb
friend,—
To one whose honour still is fre
Whose Irish blood flows pure th
veins;
Free from the taint that now
race,
And makes that name once
grace!

Oh! say, my friend, where
hide
This downfall of my patriot ho
With many a burning blush,
That native land to me so fon
Amidst the map of nations, I
Self-doom'd to abject lowest
its records is conde

Where now is fled thy children's vaunted
worth,
And haughty station 'mid the sons of earth!
Must I. whose proudest boast had been full
long
From thee to claim my birth, to tune my
song —
Who 'mid each varied scene of care and grief,
In love for thee have sought a sure relief;
Who, in thy tales of blood, have inly moan'd
O'er injuries unprovok'd and unaton'd;
And, as the throb of indignation rose,
Have wept in tears of fire thy countless
woes;—
Must I now shrink from that o'erwhelming
shame,
Defiling thy once pure unsullied name?
Must I in lonely sorrow strive to shun
The now disgraceful birthright of thy son?
What evil genius still thy fate pursues!
What demon in thy sons could thus infuse
The wish to lose, each other good bereft,
Fair fame, thy sole remaining treasure left,
And thus to bind disgrace around their brows?
For empty promises, for faithless vows,
"False as a dicer's oath," and vain as air,
Each better hope and feeling to forswear;
To lull to rest each sense of insult past,—
To still leave vengeance her unbroken fast;
And, with a dastard homage crouching low
To lick each tyrant hand that dealt the blow!

And, while the waves bore her unburi
corpse,
Revel and banquet, void of all remorse;
To public spectacles untouch'd repair,
Nor even woe's exterior deign to wear!

Go, then, unworthy natives of an isle,
Which, though unblest by freedom's gen
smile,
Though bow'd beneath oppression's iron ro
Had still been mark'd for honour's prou
abode;
Confess'd by e'en her most determin'd foe
Great in her suff'rings—glorious in h
woes!—
Go sacrifice your hopes of brighter day
Your manly spirit and your well-earn
praise—
What in your self-debasement now remains
Scorn'd and despis'd, to hug your willi
chains;
With folly blind and credulous, to hear
Those juggling fiends of pow'r, who to the e
Will keep the hollow promises they make,
But to the baffled hope too surely break!
To wake from the intoxicating dream,
And find how futile each projected scheme
To see your pride unpitied fade away,
To public scorn and conscious shame a pre
While the few worthies of your blemish
race,
Who stand aloof from all your foul disgrac

Henceforth with indignation shall disclaim
All kindred with your now degraded name!
In solitude shall shed the bitter tear,
Their once lov'd country's tale of shame to hear;
Shall her lost state with fruitless grief deplore,
Fall'n like Lucifer, to rise no more!

LETTER XIV.

FROM LADY ———, IN LONDON TO THE COUNTESS OF ———, IN DUBLIN.

LETTER XIV.

FROM LADY ———, IN LONDON TO THE COUNTESS OF ———, IN DUBLIN.

TEN thousand thanks for your very kind letter,
Which to my mind is as good if not better
Than any account "Lady Morgan" has given,
Or any cross blue-stocking hag under heaven,
Your sweetly romantic description is not
In the slightest, believe me, inferior to "Scott;"
And if my stingy lord would afford me the cash,
I've a heart that could join in your Dublin dash;—
But, hang it, he'd rather go moping to "Boodle's"
And squander at whist with a set of old noodles;
Or drink with the odious old "Whigs" down at "White's,"
And leave me to long for his death for whole nights,

adore
Ev'ry thing that belongs to the Padd
shore.
I know their good-natur'd extrava
ing,
And from you, dear Countess, there
concealing—
The first man that stole your frien
le-s heart
Came from Ireland too, and I think
part
Where the C—NN—GH—s live; fo
me a deal
Of her Ladyship's tricks—but there
a tale,
Which in some other letter on son
day
I will tell you when we've nothing
say.

Kept town just *alive* for twelve hours or so,
While her friends the *low* people fought hard for their show
And is it not now, my dear Countess, a bore,
That our dashing young friend of the Guards, Mr. G——E,
Should be question'd so close on the cause of that riot,
For taking the best means to make folks be quiet!
Notwithstanding, I think 'twas an ill-manag'd job,
To send *such a delicate* man in a mob,
Where brick-bats and stones flew around thick as hail,
Enough in a l conscience to make him look pale
And then because one or two men lost their lives,
The insolent knaves prate of children and wives,
And feelings, affection, and such sort of stuff,
That if said of a Countess would sound well enough,
But on those refin'd topics to make such a rout
Which, of course, common people know nothing about!

Lord B——T can't sleep, and old HOB's in a fury,
To think a vile inquest—a mere petty jury,
Should take up whole weeks to examine a case
As plain as the nose on the Coroner's face!
Thus it stands:—if the men of the guards, in a fright,
Took to shooting mechanics—no doubt they were right:
For who with a pistol or sword in his hand,
To be groan'd, hiss'd, and hooted, can quietly stand?
Besides, when we speak of a soldier of merit,
There's much to forgive on the score of high spirit.
Having settled that point;—you have heard I dare say
How the people determin'd to have their own way;
And defeated the guards with Sir BORADIL BAKER,
And a horde of his men, and a fat undertaker;—
And still, notwithstanding Lord L——R——L's pains
To send the procession through bye-roads and lanes,

The mob gain'd their point, and, Oh! [illegible]
a pity!
They bore off in triumph the hearse [illegible]
the city!
Now if I were the K—G, just observe [illegible]
I'd do:
I'd behead all the heads of this radical [illegible]
As for W——N, and HOB—E, and B[illegible]
and H——E,
I'd hang up at Tyburn;—how dare they [illegible]
sume?
One would think that the impudent fe[illegible]
were craz'd,
To prevent a K—G burying his w—e [illegible]
pleas'd.

LETTER XV.

'M AN IRISHMAN TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

LETTER XV.

FROM AN IRISHMAN TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

(*Sent from London under cover to the Freeman's Journal.*)

O Cives! Cives!

My thoughtless, reckless countrymen, attend
A moment to a brother and a friend,
Who loves the blossoms of his native stem,
But hates the weeds that twine along with them.

The fever of your brains at length is gone—
The madd'ning hour—and you are now alone;

ur cities, harbours, fields, and valleys, Li
ice more in sleep, deep, sad, and silentl y-
hen shall they wake again? Alas! ch

throng
hat reel'd in brightest pageantry along;
The rapid wheels, with steeds trapp'd out in
gold,
That o'er your mould'ring streets a moment
roll'd;
The plumes, the coronets, the stars, whose
rays
Brought flashing back bright thoughts o
other days:
Rank, riches, splendour, and their busy trai
All pass'd away, and Erin sleeps again!
Gone like the light which blind men, drea
ing, see.
Leaving more dark, more sad reality!

And have you, in that transient madd
ray,
Hugg'd your destroyer—knelt to ——
The —— of the North, whose baneful
Has track'd your kindred o'er the
they went;
The hapless hunted victims fiercely to
Grinn'd o'er his prey, and fatten'd o
gore!
Can you forget the lash, the fire, the
Can hearts of feeling e'er forget to f

ve golden hours return'd to bless your
shore?
e widows' sighs and orphan's tears no more?
e lakes of patriot blood so light that they
n vanish in the sunshine of a day?

ocks are not white upon those temples
yet,
oft with reeking lro s of anguish wet;—
rs are not clos'd the bloody lash hath
given—
ose hearts still beat whose fibres have been
riven;
e eyes can see that saw their homes in
flames—
's hear that heard the scorching infant's
screams;
e tongues that o'er these horrors have be-
wail'd
l speak—have they the dam-ned doer
hail'd?
, yes! the sounds awake the martyr'd
dead,—
edom is dumb, and shrieks FITZGERALD'S
shade!
illen patriot! wa's't for this ye fell!
tyrant's eulogies your fun'ral knell?
these the men ye lov'd—for whom ye
fir'd
torch of freedom!—has it thus expir'd?

Are these the men upon whose manhood ye
Fix'd all your hopes—your country's destiny?
Spirit of EMMET! now I feel thou'rt flown,
And left none like thee—light for ever gone!
Bright meteor! blessed star of Liberty!
That rose on ERIN, blaz'd—and pass'd away.

END OF THE DUBLIN MAIL.

A

PACKET OF POEMS.

THE following Poems, Songs, &c. wei found sealed in one packet, addressed to th Editor of the Morning Post. and signe "*Caleb Cowhage*, T. C. D." But, as they ar not at all written in a spirit altogether kindre with that journal, the Editor takes it for grar ted, that, had they been forwarded to thei original destination, they would, in al probability, have been lost to posterity.

A

PACKET OF POEMS.

THE CHRISTENING OF DUNLEARY.

I.

HAIL, Monarch of the Isles!
To thee I sing,
Great King
Of bows, and graces, whiskers, wigs, and
smiles!

II.

'Tis not of fights by field or flood,
Of soldiers' swords and people's blood;—
No, no!—my harp shall strike a mood
Right loud and merry.

III.

Bright was the morn—
The hill of Howth
Shakes off her sloth
And her sides laves
In the foamy wave
Which singing me
While Dalky, Lambey
eye,
Smile with delight upo
And *laugh* at the

Now town on
Comes pouri
Pell-mell
Bulruddery.

Old Cooluch,
And St. Doolach.
ın a hackney jaunting car
: Ballybags, and Mullingar,
And sweet Knockroghery;—
ɔck besides Athy shoves on,
ɪelty, Youghall, *nate* Athlone,
arm-in-arm with Ballymun,
Dungarvon, and Tralee,
Ballinasloe:
And Killaloe,
And Kinahague,
And Dragmaleague,
ɔp in *chaises* all to see a King
me a priest, and make a christening.

V.

ıt is the morn!—Sweet whiskey dews
ts through ev'ery soul infuse,
n Erin's glorious age is come—
h cold and warm, new milk and rum,
ı the white dust from ev'ry lip,
set forth many a quizzing quip
On jingle, car, and noddy.*
drop of joy's in all their eyes,
'stead of crape, white ribband-ties
Are tied on ev'ry body.
now concentrate all the moving crowds,
ıting the mountains even to the clouds.

*A kind of chaise.

VI.

Bright is the morn, and the colours flare
From the ships and the hills in the sun's
bright glare,
And the fleet rides staunch and
steady.
The bustle's begun,
And they race and they run;
And the whisper floats
Through the crowds in the boats
That *the King's half shaved already*
"Prepare! prepare!"
Oh, the silence is there,
But the wisper again is about;
And the word was caught
From the royal yatcht,
That the *King is shaved all out!*

VII.

Bustle, bustle!—keep your places—
Soon shall end the toilet's graces;
Short's the time that stays are lacing,
Shorter still are breeches bracing;—
Whiskers are not long in fixing,
Drams don't take up time in mixing;
Wigs are soon put on—to wit,
When the wigs are made to fit.
Bustle, bustle!—soon we'll see
All the bronze of Majesty!

VIII.

He comes! he comes! he comes!—it is! it is!—
Behold the curl, the wig, and now the phiz,—
The cape, the cravat, and the bending neck,—
Shout, shout! ye Paddies!—he is on the deck!

IX.

And they shouted full long, and they shouted full loud,
And they toss'd up their hats to the sky;
While the dignified Monarch repeatedly bow'd
In sympathy waving his cap to the crowd,
And crying Pat's echoing cry.

X.

And who is that sea-nymph, so fat and so fair,
That is standing the M——H beside?
'Tis the bright Lady C——GH——M!—thrice happy pair!
How they undulate up and down up and down there,
Like a pair of fine porpoises finning the tide!

Crowd, blest Erin's n
Hail the happy C——
Wives and daughters
Where connubial virtu
Give them your appr
Approach, and kneel,
K—G,
Honour the lady fat
And glad the glorious
Let JOHN BULL for his Q-
sing,
Don't mind him, PAT, but l
your K—G!

XII.

Hark! hark! th
Proclaims all ready:—
The trumpets soun
And the trudging
Gallop each neighing h

XIII.

See where Dunleary lies,
Before all wondering eyes,
Smiling upon its mother's lap in conscious joy—
Waiting the blest baptismal rites.
O happy hour!—O sight of sights!
Never before beheld by man or boy!

XIV.

And who is the sponsor to stand for the child?
"'Tis me," says KILLINEY's green hill;
"And the BLACK-ROCK there
Is the lady *fair*,
With her sea-rack tresses in the wind so wild,
To be god-mother, if she will."
And she will, and she will,
KILLINEY hill,
For the gracious K—G doth wish her:
Yet the *fair* BLACK ROCK*
Shall receive a shock
By this christ'ning, which shall dish her.

* The Black-Rock has heretofore been the Sunday resort for the citizens of Dublin.—since, however, his M———y honoured Dunleary so highly, the latter place has become the favourite.

XV.

Hark! hark! again—again the gun
Calls loudly to begin;
Again the gaping gazers run—
Again the din.
The M———H comes—the name is given,—
"KING'S TOWN! KING'S TOWN!" rings to heav'n.
And now the strong baptismal fount
Of whiskey splashes the infant's front,
And, streaming rapid to the sea,
Washes "DUNLEARY" quite away.

XVI.

Fire, smoke, and thunder, rage around,
And the trumpets loudly sing;
While the Wicklow mountains dance to the sound,
For the happy, happy K—G.
His R——l head, with conscious pleasure,
Keeps time to the ranting roaring measure;
While the lady gay who sat beside,
Like a fat *floghoolough western* bride,
Patted his cheek with her velvet hand,
And loudly cried,
As the people eyed,
"*What a service, lord, you have done the land!*"

XVII.

"Shout, shout, and roar,
From the sea to the shore!"
'Tis done, and all is wild uproar.
The Liffey flings her fish to the skies,
To give them a gala of flies—
And the cocks and hens take wing;
And the Navan bogs unask'd shoot out
Huge kishes of turf to the hills about,
To make a night
The bonfires light,
For the glorious CHRIST-EN-ING!!!

Δ

LINES,

ACCOMPANYING A GLASS GOBLET WHICH WAS SENT TO THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN BY THE DUTCHESS OF RICHMOND, FOR THE PURPOSE OF DRINKING THE K——G'S HEALTH.

Go, little Goblet, bright and clear,
The gift of happy Dublin's Mayor;
Oh let him fill thee to the brim,
And let him drink and drink to him
Who ever is, though ever gone,
My dear ador'd Anacreon.

Thou'rt not of gold—no, that would be
Like tampering with Mayorality;
And bribing, as it were, thy way
To bask beneath the Royal ray:
But thou'rt of glass, through which all eyes
May see thy curious qualities;

And bear a clear reproach to one
Who's left the giver here alone.

Like me, O little goblet, thou
Art *cut*, and most completely too;
And when thou'rt crack'd, Oh, then thou'lt b
A *cast off side-board thing like me!*

A

THE KEENAN,*

OR FAREWELL IRISH CRY ON THE DEPARTURE OF HIS M———Y FROM DUBLIN.

Farewell! farewell! my best of K—GS!
  O wira sthru! O wira sthru!
That said ten thousand *handsome* things,
  O wira sth u! O wira sthru!
It's you can bow and smile upon
Poor PAT, in spite of grumbling JOHN,—
O murther! murther! are you gone!
  Ough wira sthru! O wira sthru!

* The Irish cry of *Keenan* is a recapitulation of all the virtues of the deceased or absent, each commencing with "It's you that," &c. and ending with "Wira sthru," and a long howl, in which all join.

II.

It's you that wore the handsome wig,
O wira sthru, &c.
Frizz'd *nately* round your face so bi
O wira sthru, &c.
It's you that let yourself be seen,
And hawk'd about through College-G
As much as JOHNNY hawk'd his Q—
O wira sthru, &c.

III.

It's you—it's you that's not afraid,
O wira sthru, &c.
To wear the Shamrock green cocka
O wira sthru, &c.
It's long the green was on the shelf,
When ev'ry loyal Orange elf
For wearing it would hang *yourself!*
O wira sthru, &c.

IV.

It's you that made Lord S——M——E
O wira sthru, &c.
Ould DARLEY for his dirty toast,
O wira sthru, &c.

It's you, in all your K——LY taste,
Brought out that ugly nosy *baste*,
To entertain them at the feast,
O wira sthru, &c.

V.

It's you that prais'd the whiskey rare,
O wira sthru, &c.
And that's because you lik'd it dear,
O wira sthru, &c.
It's you, with all your ladies, feign
Would be the most *gallantest* swain,—
And its you that danc'd a jig at Slane,
O wira sthru, &c.

VI.

It's you that prais'd each street and square,
O wira sthru, &c.
It is a pity people don't live there,
O wira sthru, &c.
But *Qality** was there one day,
Before the time of C———H,
But, like you both, they're gone away!
O wira sthru, &c.
You *towl'd* us this and you *towl'd* us that,
O wira sthru, &c.

* "Qality," a term used by the vulgar for great people.

How long you'd be a friend to PAT,
  O wira sthru, &c
And, oh! you *tow'd* us not to fret,
And said you'd make us happy yet—
Remember that you don't forget!
  O wira sthru, &c.

B

IRISH MELODY,

SUNG BY THE HOUSEHOLD BARD AT S——
CASTLE.

SHE is snug in the land where her fat love
sleeps,
The M—Q—S no longer is spying;
For he knows very well when his distance h
keeps
That his wife for a D——D——M is trying

She frolics and frisks to soft jiggery strains
Ev'ry note on her lover's pipe waking;
But little she thinks, while he's taking suc
pains,
How the back of his M——Y's break
ing!

Had she liv'd for his love, when warm youtl
in its pride,
Forg'd the chain that so sweetly entwin'
him;

Old age might forgive, and youth would
deride—
But his best days are now gone behind hi
So make him a bed at S——e Castle to-nig
And comfort him under his sorrow;
His grief won't last long for his wife—bei
light,
And you may be a D———ss to-morrow

B

FROM THE ——— TO THE DUTCHESS OF R———D.

My dear, my darling buxom lass,
The good lord Mayor receiv'd your glass;
Which he fill'd up with worthy stingo,
And drank our health and your's, by jingo!
It is a wond'rous pretty thing,
But not too good for Abv. K—g;
A man who at a civic feast
Resembles not so much the beast
As Aldermen in London do,
But tell me, love, and tell me true,
Whether this gift doth fairly seem
The token of your kind esteem
For him or me?—for you know which;—
Or say, you sly old coaxing witch,
Was it alone to make me think
Of those sweet eyes of darkest hue,
That love might hover near the brink,
And lead my soul to dream of you.

If so, I'll knight, if your desire,
A—H—M B—D—Y K—G, Esquire;
And though it gives my bosom pain,
I'll do two things not very easy:
I'll leave your rival down at S—ne,
And run away from E——H——Y!

B.

LINES

ON THE RECEPTION OF A CERTAIN MARQUIS IN IRELAND.

"'Twas not for him whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past;
Whose melancholy spirit fled
With all the glories of the dead,—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads that shrinking bow'd
Before the ——— as he past,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast!"

MOORE.

OH say not that my country stands
A mark of scorn to other lands,—
That one proud spirit could descend
To welcome as a generous friend,
Or take the hand that years before
Wav'd high the scourge, and smote her sore?
Oh say not that one *Irish* heart
Could stoop to that ignoble part—

One patriot bosom join the throng,
Except to view with hatred strong
The man who thus rewarded came,
For treach'rous deeds too black to name,
And now who tamely could behold
The land whose rights he basely sold!
But rather say—from Slav'ry's den
Rush'd forth a host of O***gemen,—
A corp'rate band of city knaves.
Fit only for the work of slaves!
Who, when their country's freedom lay
Prostrate and chain'd by C********H,
And *heroes* bled for—*patriots* toil'd,
Then did those recreant slaves exult,
Who now, with joyous wild tumult,
Welcomes the — —, or something worse,
Born but to be his country's curse!
Ank took his faithless word on trust,
Who would not if he could be just!

B.

A NEW IRISH MELODY.

AIR—"*A Landlady in France.*"

THERE's an alderman here looking fooling
and fat,
With cheeks not much given to dimples
With a mouth full as wide as a large brewer's
vat,
And a nose richly studded with pimples.

He waddles along with abundance of grace,
Though sometimes cast down from deep
thinking;
And few could mistake frem one look at his
face
That he's dreaming of eating and drinking!
He has written a volume on every dish—
'Tis a learned and eloquent treatise;
On turtle, and ven'son, and wild fowl, and
fish,
Which he gave Mr. MORRISON* gratis!

The prince of cooks in Dublin.

His exquisite taste ages yet will adı
When the Alderman down in the
And cooks of both sexes get drunl
fire,
In pledging thy fame, BILLY C—

DARBY AND TEAGUE.

An Irish Eclogue.

Quo te, Mœri, pedes? an, quo via ducit in urbem?
VIRGIL, ECLOGA IX.

O DARBY, welcome!—'pon my *sowl* I'm glad
To see you once more down at Kinnegad.
Tip us the fist, my boy!—Ough gra ma chree!
You look so well, you're scarce youself I see.
Come, draw the stool, sit down with me and KITTY,
And tell us all the sights of Dublin city.
But first, here KATE, your *sowl*, a drop o' stuff,—
Make haste, for God knows DARBY'S *dry* enough.

DARBY.

Well, here's your health, TEAGUE—KITTY your's—and so
Here goes to tell you all about the show.

When close besides a thin
gate,
Stuck in the very middle of
I stood—because I often hea
Were fond of riding throu
things.
Well, here I stood, wit
about,
All mouths well whiskey'd
shout
When up comes galloping a
Knocks to get through the
when he
Might ride all round it.-
who's there !
D'ye here, Sir !—Who are
the Mayor.
(The Mayor's the man who
Clerk*

* Teague was wrong in calli

Made *foolscaps* for his master in the dark.)
The Captain calling, said the K—G was waiting,
And wish'd them not to waste their time in prating;
"But, no," replies the Mayor, "he *can't* get in;
For though he's K—G without, I'm KING within;
But if he's sends a proper messenger,
We'll then, pehaps, have no objection, Sir."

TEAGUE.

But, DARBY, was'nt it very ill becoming
To send such message!

DARBY.

Pooh! 'twas merely humming!
Lord Mayors have priv'leges—gilded things,
Coach, mace, and fur—a sort of City Kings;
And there may rule the roast and play the fool,—
You know that cooks in kitchens like to rule.

ed from the public through this *mistake*; and, although the packet has been dicovered which contains that money, yet we have not heard of a farthing of it being returned!!!

ıe K—G and all his nobles co[illegible]e,
ınke that—Sir Fudge—and M[illegible]r-
Tum:—
ght!—it made my eyes grow dim,
ı hour I hardly saw a *stim*;
I got close up, to my surprise,
of him, faith, *open'd all my eyes!*

TEAGUE.

ne, DARBY, had he hands and face
er people?

DARBY.

Arrah! *hould* your *pace*.
. he had, faith, face to face the devil,
ands too, which he let us shake quit
civil;
bless your *soul*—a King is just the sar
her men, except in name or—fame.

TEAGUE.

l does he *spake* like us?

DARBY.

No, TEAGUE, not
ore like court-people, if I judge him

A kind of tongue that's *hardly understood*,
Though he could *spake* much *plainer if he would*.
I got beside him—shouted out hurroo!
And when I wav'd my hand, he wav'd his too!
Held up the golden shamrock of his hat,
And seem'd quite happy in diverting PAT.

TEAGUE.

If Kings are made the same as most of us,
Why do they always kick up such a fuss?
How can *one* man make twenty million men
Do as he wishes?

DARBY.

Why, I'll tell you then.
'Tis not the K—G that does it, but a set
Of little tyrants that around him get;
And, in his name, which ev'ry one respects,
Demands and threats, and pockets the effects.

KITTY.

Pooh! we've enough of tyrants—hang them all!—
And tell us of the K—G. Now is he tall?

And is he handsome, DARBY? Come, go on;
Ecod, I'm quite a gig to hear the fun!

DARBY.

Handsome he is, and likes the ladies too;
And, KITTY, faith the very thing for you,
(With TEAGUE's permission.)

TEAGUE.

O no, DARBY, no!
I've not a wish to be *ennobled* so.
Horn coronets are very handsome things,
And *gay convenient* articles to K—GS.
However, as I've still an easy head,
I'm quite content with KITTY and the spade.

KITTY.

Don't *taze* yourself;—for though I'm what I am,
I'll never be a Lady C———.

DARBY.

Well, KATE, success!—your *purty* health, my dear!
I'm sure you're ten times better as you are.
If you had seen her and a strange Princess,
Cover'd with all the *flouncery* of dress,

: day his M———Y was hawk'd about,
ıalcony from all the rest struck out—
v ev'ry one that *knew* her grinn'd upon her,
l how they jeer'd her husband's *star of honour !*
'ou had seen her wave her hand and cry,
od bless the K—G !—long live your M——Y !"
l then have turn'd and seen the people's faces,
sure you would not envy them their places !

Vell, on the K—G and I went with the crowd,
bowing low as ever parson bow'd.
on my soul, TEAGUE, betwixt you and me,
seem'd much humbler than a K—G should be.
t what d'ye think that beat out all the rest,
d seem'd the very thick-milk of the jest ?
way of compliment, some funny chap
t fall a thumping pigeon in his lap !

KITTY.

pigeon, DARBY !—surely 'twas not meant
be a *dacent* Irish compliment !

If they had thrown a peacock at him, then
'Twould have been right—or else a *guine*
hen ;—
Nothing could be so good to show their zeal
As birds with pretty feathers in the tail !

TEAGUE.

But, DARBY, I must go and milk the cows,
And you had better fetch the two *ould* sow
While KITTY boils the '*praties*, and sets ou
Our smoking supper-dish of *stir-about* ;
And ere the last light dies upon the west,
We'll hear you, DARBY, tell us all the rest

ON A RECENT DISMISSAL.

ART thou, too, the victim of courtly intriguing,
Where ruin awaits on the *truth* that offends?
But fear not their base—their contemptible leaguing,
For Britain's thy country—the people thy friends!

Let us think on the glory achiev'd by thy hand,
When the Gauls had made captive proud Austria's lord,
How the succour afforded by thee and thy band,
The monarch to freedom and safety restor'd.*

* Sir R. W——N in the year 1794, with a small handful of men, rescued the Emperor of Germany from the hands of the French, after that monarch had been taken prisoner by them. It was for this gallant action that he received the order of Maria Theresa.

Or how Lusitania, by thee taught to war
With courage new nerv'd, sought the battle's alarms,
In danger and slaughter determin'd to share,
And rivall'd th' exploits of the Britons in arms,*

Or how, as thy conduct and valour prevail'd,
British soldiers were sav'd in that critical hour
When the skill of their much-vaunted leader had fail'd
To rescue his host from the enemy's pow'r.†

So widely acknowledg'd thy virtues and fame,
That scarcely in Europe exists there a throne‡
Whose prince is not honor'd by hon'ring thy name,
Which heeds not, brave chief, the caprice of thine own.

* Sir Robert organised the Portuguese army in the peninsular war.

† It will easily be perceived, that an allusion is made to Sir R.'s preserving the British army after the battle of Talavera; *but there are services which ensure any thing but gratitude.*

‡ Sir R——t has received orders and marks of personal respect from all the principal Sovereigns in Europe.

Though deck'd with those honours unsullied, unstain'd,
Thy name shall all-glorious descend to thy race,
Thy worth a yet prouder distinction has gain'd,
In that which thy foes have design'd a disgrace.
Their censure and hate is the brightest reward,
That tyrannous courtiers could ever bestow
On him whose brave spirit could never regard
In a peaceable brother the face of a foe.

THE DUBLIN MAYOR AND THE LONDON ALDERMAN; OR, A BIT OF BLARNEY.

"The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
"Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime."

LORD BYRON.

HAVE ye heard of the worthy, so fat and so
favour'd,
A mountain of wealth, tho' a man of great
waist,
Coarse and sour, tho' a judge of the sweet
and savour'd,
Rough and rude in his excessive *con-*
cate *taste*.

once both his paunch and

To herald the p
baker,
To trumpet
hearse,

A stationer honest, in fame a partaker,
Must share in the tribute that flows in my verse.

On the first annual day of the Sov'reign's accession—
These heroes assembled to guzzle and feast;
The good things of earth grac'd their board in succession—
The good things of earth their good humour increas'd.

As themselves, Paddy swore there were none in the nation,
So loyal, so wise, so enlightened by far,
The King was the god of their soul's adoration—
The company shouted, and grinned, and said "ah!"

Who doubts aught of this—yes—exclusively loyal
Holes and corners bear witness they're gallant by stealth;
Each struts on his dungh[illegible]ill, the little cock royal,
And shows worldly wisdom by scraping up wealth.

And who then can doubt that in joy they all
brighten'd,
Full of flame and of fire was each *light*
headed ass;
And who can deny that the group was en-
lighten'd,
The room where they din'd was illumin'd
with *gas*.

Then hence with vain scoffing—get fresh-
blooming myrtle,
And weave a green wreath to encircle
each scull;
Encrown with wild dock-leaves great Alder-
man Turtle,
Get chaplets of nettles for each brainless
gull.

Do justice to merit—away with detracting,
And speak of them neither for better nor
worse;
He's a wonderful man, for excessive *con-
tracting*
Has swoln out at once both his paunch and
his purse.

Then leaving the proud to enjoy their vain
boasting,
With Aldermen great in their *heads* let us
sing
Success to all blarney—proceed in your
toasting.
Come, here's to the C's of Cox, Curtis, and
King,*

J.

* This and the foregoing Poem was not originally amongst the packet of epistles found. The latter has been before published in one of the London journals.

VERSIFICATION OF THE IRISH ORATION.*

ulce ridentum Lallagen amabo, Dulce loquentem." HOR.

Lords and Gentlemen, and my good yeomanry,
annot, as it were—a—speak, d'y'see—
at is, I can't find words—a—quite *sincere*,
say how very glad I am at landing here.
I'm obliged to you all,
Both great and small,
am, upon my soul I am, I'm sure,
'or thus escorting me e'en to my very door.
may not now be able to express
Ly feelings in a *su table* address.
e travell'd ar. Sirs—very far indeed,
From Brighton ALL THE WAY TO HOLYHEAD!

*This valuable record is given faithfully as spoky his Majesty It is a striking proof of the dee in which the Royal Orator possesses the *lingua cis*, for the words absolutely fell into metre and me of their own accord.

And made a mighty long sea-voyage too,
And then came piping hot by steam to you.
Besides, some circumstances have occurr'd,
By which I'm somewhat—that is—rather *queer'd*,
My *friends* I need—a—tell you how—
The less that's said on that the better now—
My wife—you understand me *friends*—my wife—
None but the kind and *delicate*
My feelings can appreciate,
Odd's boobs, this day's the happiest of my life ! !

I've long wish'd for this visit ; and you know
I am an Irishman—quite Irish—though
My mother did'nt relish saying so.
I love my Irish subjects. Rank and station
Is nothing—no, not e'en a Coronation !
But oh to live in *Irish* hearts, d'y'see,
Is most exalted happiness to me.
Once more I thank you for your kindness now,
And bid you all farewell—Good by !
Go do by me as I shall do by you—
A bumper of good whiskey drink to me,
And I'll drink one to you—ay, two or three,
E'en till the happy drop's—all in my eye ! ! !

ROYAL THREE-HANDED WHIST.

A FAMILY party sat down to gamble,
And three-handed whist was the game ;
The host he was one, and the guest was another,
The third was the fine fat dame.

And they play'd. and they play'd—but in ev'ry hand
The guest he was in the nick ;—
Now the dame manag'd so that 'twas *honours divided*—
He manag'd to make the *odd trick*.

And he won, and he won—for the stupid old host
Left thew hole of the thing to the dame ;—
Oh ! never was seen such a gambling guest ;
Such a comical *Cunning-game !*

END OF A PACKET OF POEMS.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

PEACE be around thee; wherever thou rov'st
May life be, for thee, one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!

If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly.
Like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet my glances.

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral!

Common Sense one night,
Tho' not us'd to gambols,
Went out by moonlight
With Genius on his rambles.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale sing
Has, for once, a moral!

How the wise one smil'd,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone,
Soon set Genius straying.

One his eye ne'er rais'd
From the path before him;
T'other idly gaz'd
On each night cloud o'er him.

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral!

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe,—as he doth ever.

While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral!

Sense went home to bed,—
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!

While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing,
Has, for once, a moral!

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

English Air.

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world is now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love!
The pain of parting thus!

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love!
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray
But still there came some cloud between,
And chas'd it all away, dear love!
And chas'd it all away!

Yet e'en could those sad moments last
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

THE END.

CONTENTS.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PAGE.

REFACE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 7

HE LOVES OF THE ANGELS - - - - - - - - 9

irst Angel's Story - - - - - - - - - - 12

econd Angel's Story - - - - - - - - - 27

hird Angel's Story - - - - - - - - - - 67

OTES - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 81

THE DUBLIN MAIL.

REFACE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 105

ETTER I.—AN Epistle from Dublin Jerry, to London Dick - - - - - - - - - 109

II.—Sir B———n B———d to H—s M——y - - - - - - - - - 117

III.—M——ch——ss of ——— to the —— in Dublin - - - - - - - - 123

IV.—Lord S——h to the Marquis of L—d—d—y - - - - - - - - - 131

VII.— — s of L——n—
E— of L——— - - - -

VIII — Countess of —
her particular Friend, Lady

IX.— An Epistle from Mr. D
in Dublin, to Mrs Bad.

X.—Epistle from the Car
bishop of Dublin to the Pr

XI —Nial O'Connor, King
and Connaught, &c to
F — - - - - - - -

XII —A Scholar of Trinit
Dublin, to a Student in th
Temple - - - - - -

XIII.—Phelim O'Connor, (
er) Esq in Dublin, to his F
thur O'Clara, Esq in London

XIV —Lady ——, in Lon
Countess of — — —, in Du

[illegible]
[illegible] Irish Melody - - -

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While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing,
Has, for once, a moral!

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N, fare thee well, my own dear love,
s world is now for us
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Yet e'en could those sad moments last
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell—our hope was born in fears,
And nurs'd 'mid vain regrets!
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love;
Like them in tears it sets.

THE END.

CONTENTS.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PAGE.

:EFACE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 7

HE LOVES OF THE ANGELS - - - - - - - - 9

rst Angel's Story - - - - - - - - - - 12

cond Angel's Story - - - - - - - - - 27

hird Angel's Story - - - - - - - - - - 67

OTES - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 81

THE DUBLIN MAIL.

REFACE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 105

:TTER I.—An Epistle from Dublin Jerry, to London Dick - - - - - - - - - 109

II.—Sir B———n B———d to H—s M——y - - - - - - - - - 117

III.—M——ch——ss of ——— to the —— in Dublin - - - - - - - - 123

IV.—Lord S——h to the Marquis of L—d—d—y - - - - - - - - - 131

LETTER V.—Sir W——m C——s to Aldern A——s - - - - - - - - - -

VI.—M—ch——ss of ——'s Chamber Maid to her Sister - - - - - -

VII.—M—— s of L——n——y to the E— of L——l - - - - - - - -

VIII —Marchioness of ——— to her particular Friend, Lady ——— - -

IX.—An Epistle from Mr. Deputy Bull, in Dublin, to Mrs Bull, in London - 1

X.—Epistle from the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to the Pope - - - 1

XI.—Nial O'Connor, King of Ulster and Connaught, &c to G—— the F —— - - - - - - - - - - - - 1

XII.—A Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, to a Student in the Middle Temple - - - - - - - - - 1

XIII.—Phelim O' Connor, (the Younger,) Esq in Dublin, to his Friend Arthur O'Hara, Esq in London - - - 2

XIV —Lady ——, in London to the Countess of ——, in Dublin - - 2

XV.—An Irishman to the Irish People 2

A PACKET OF POEMS.

The Christening of Dunleary - - - - - - 2

Lines accompanying a Glass Goblet sent to the Lord Mayor of Dublin by the Duchess of Richmond - - - - - - - - - - - 2

or Farewell Irish Cry - - - - - 245
dy - - - - - - - - - - - - 249
he Duchess of R——d - - 251
Reception of a certain Marquis in
- - - - - - - - - - - - - 253
Melody - - - - - - - - - - 255
ague, an Irish Eclogue - - - 257
Dismissal - - - - - - - - - 265
Mayor and the London Alderman 267
n of the Irish Oration - - - - 271
l Whist - - - - - - - - - 275

nd thee - - - - - - - - - 277
e and Genius - - - - - - - 278
e well - - - - - - - - - 281

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